A Farewell To
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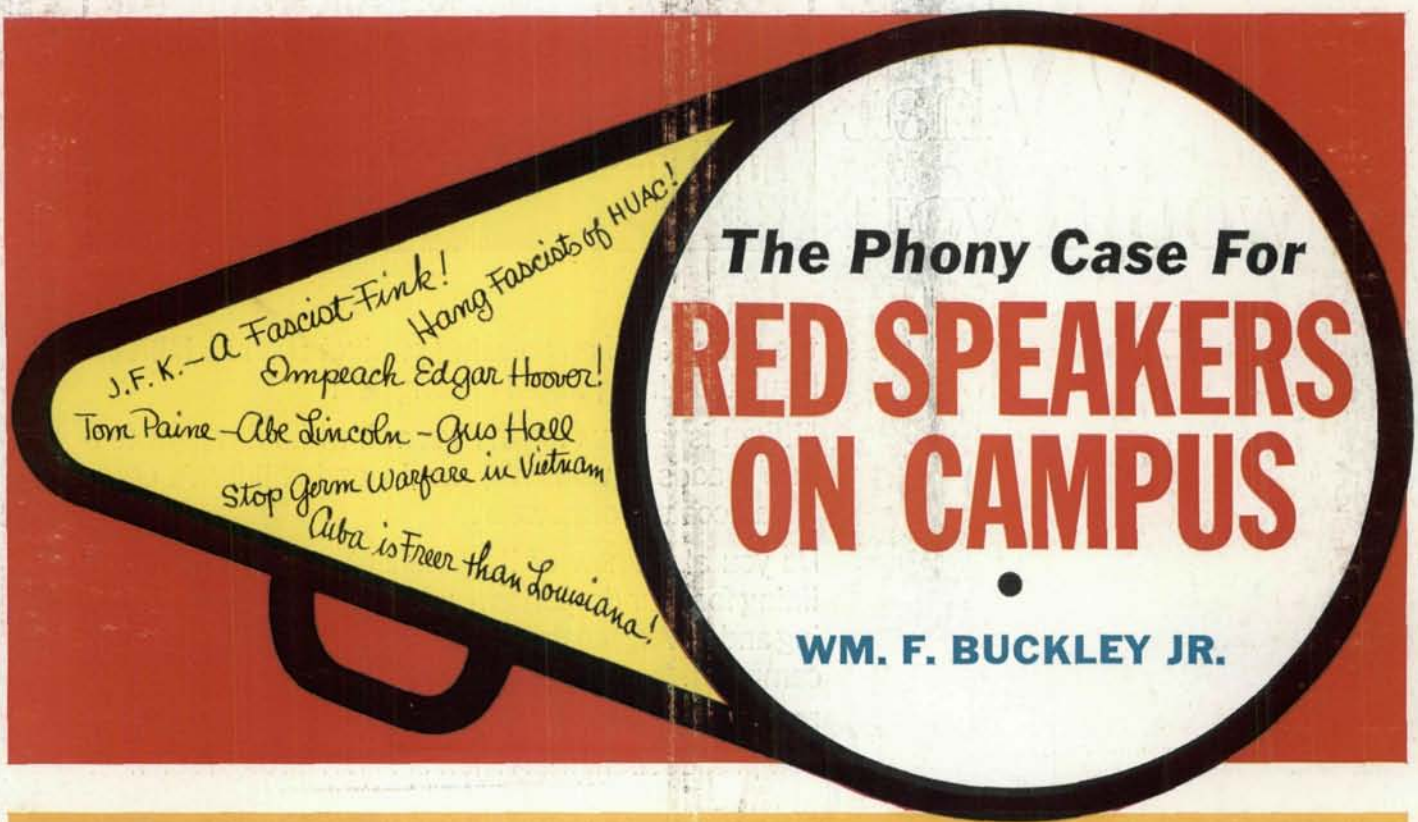
OCTOBER 22, 1963

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

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ALICE-LEONE MOATS

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **Alice-Leone Moats** writes from Rome about Pope Paul VI, on the question, so pressing for Italians, and not a great deal less pressing for others throughout the world, how will he square off to the Communist problem, *i.e.*, after the fashion of his predecessor, or after the fashion of his predecessor's predecessor? Miss Moats writes with her customary authority, having spent weeks of research on her elusive subject. Shortly after she dispatched the piece, Pope Paul confirmed her predictions, and heartened experienced anti-Communists all over the world by remonstrating with the Communist journalists assembled for the opening of the Vatican Council, over the continued persecution, by their masters, of religion. . . . **Alistair Horne,** whose book on Verdun, *The Price of Glory*, was probably the most enthusiastically received book of the year, writes a farewell tribute to Dr. Adenauer, who steps down from office this week. Mr. Horne's first book, *Back Into Power*, dealt with the postwar recovery of Germany, and Adenauer's role in it, which Mr. Horne observed at first hand while working in Bonn as foreign correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*. . . . **Wm. Buckley** publishes the text of an address delivered a year ago before the Yale Political Union, which recently canceled an invitation to Governor George Wallace, on the question of whom it appears to make sense, moral or rational, to invite, and whom not to invite, to college campuses to speak. . . . And **Russell Kirk** despairs over what is happening to some of the loveliest architecture in the world. He is, by the way, currently in Casablanca, with Professor Thomas Molnar, probably at Rick's Bar, conspiring against Gnosticism.

➔ **John Chamberlain,** whom Mary McCarthy had great sport with a generation ago in her *Portrait of the Intellectual as a Yale Man*, takes a kindly look at the elegant old scarifier, and tells her kindly what her major difficulty is. Mr. Chamberlain has expanded this essay for a book being edited by Nona Balakian and Charles Simmons on *The Creative Present: Notes on Contemporary American Fiction*, soon to be published by Doubleday. . . . Professor **Jeffrey Hart** is teaching English at Dartmouth and preparing no less than three books for 1964 publication. He takes apart Aldous Huxley's provocative book on science and literature. . . . **Auberon Waugh**, son of another distinguished writer and occasional contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW, has just finished, at age 25, his second novel, *Path of Dalliance*. He writes about Muriel Spark. . . . Professor **Harry V. Jaffa,** Professor of Political Science at the University of Ohio, and author of the superb analysis of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, *Crisis of the House Divided*, has a look at Professor Michael Oakeshott's formidable *Rationalism in Politics*, giving his reservations. . . . And **Francis Russell** hopes that just before he dies, or in any case before he is buried, his executor will read Miss Jessica Mitford's amusing and horrifying *The American Way of Death*. Please Omit Flowers. ➔

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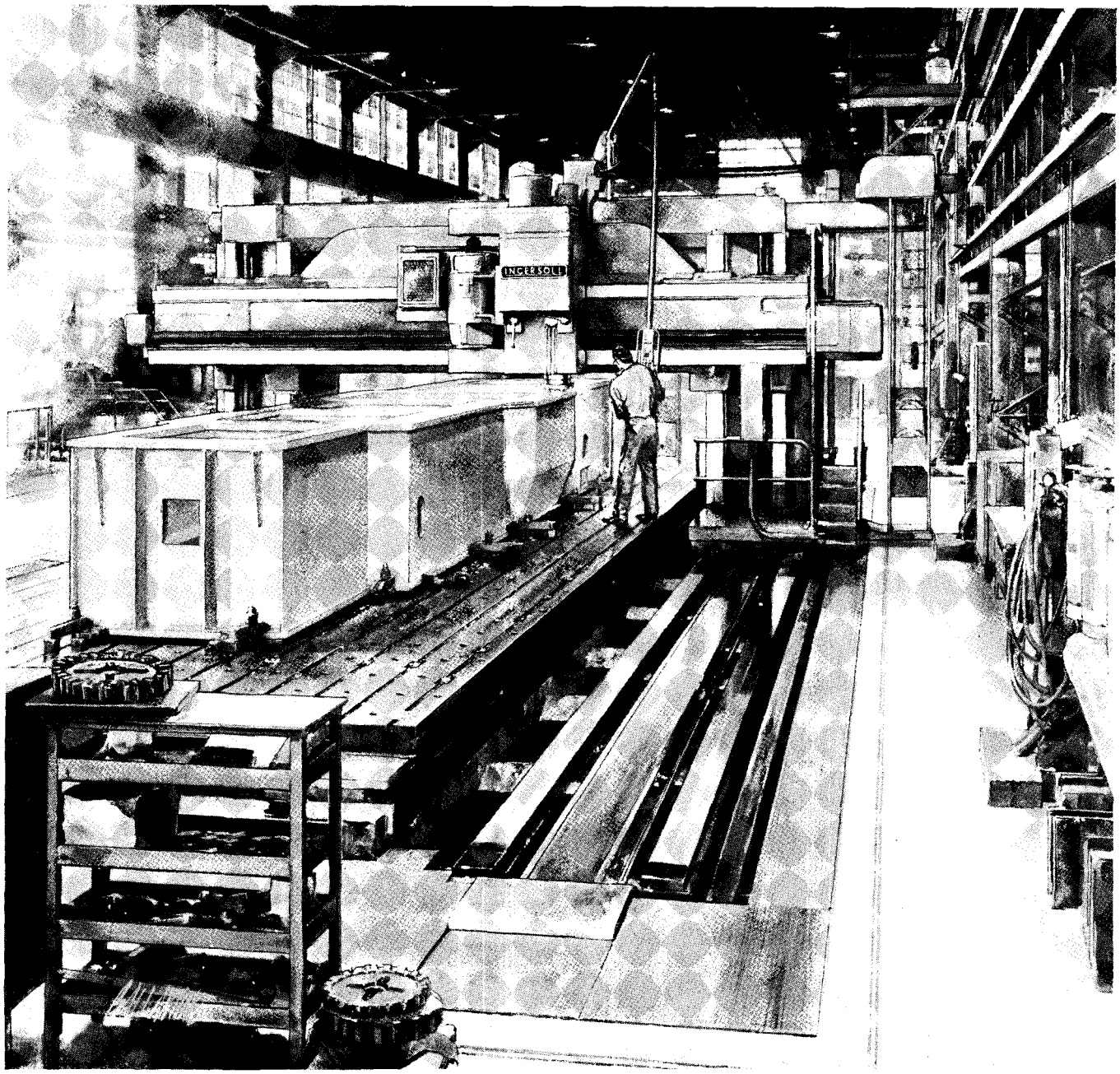

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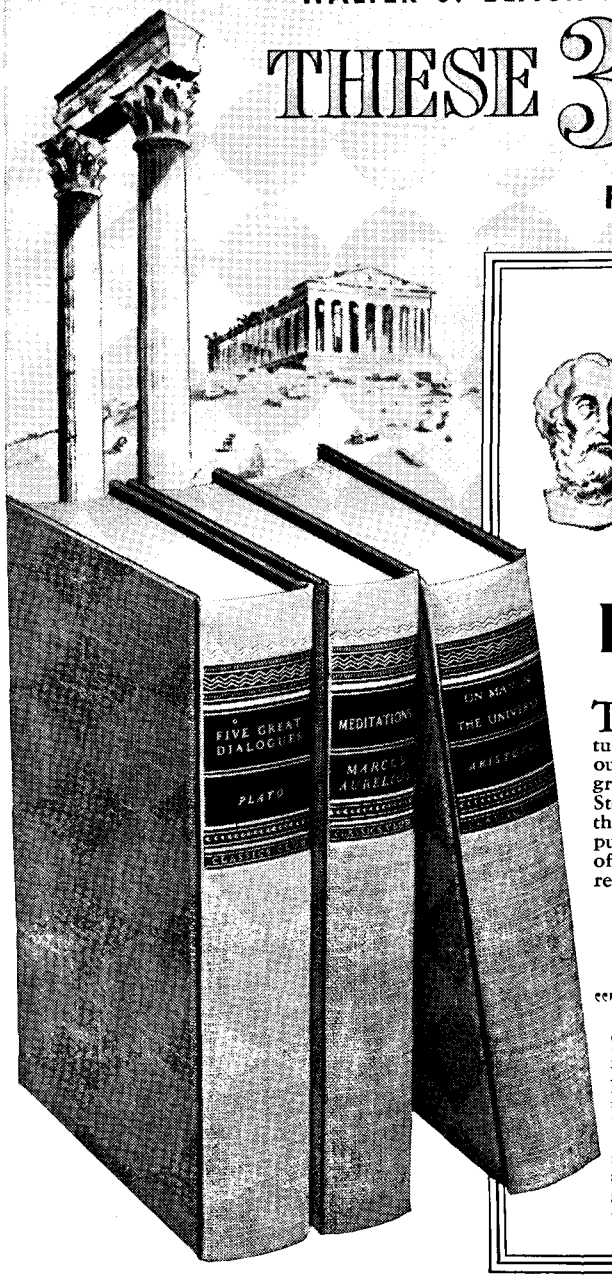

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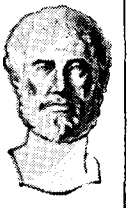
ARISTOTLE ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE



"THE master of them that know," this supreme mind of the fabulous Golden Age of Greece was called by the poet Dante. He was so far ahead of his era that his ideas are astonishingly timely today. Nature, politics, art, drama, logic, morals — he explored them all, with a mind open to truth and a heart eager for understanding.

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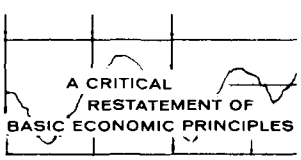

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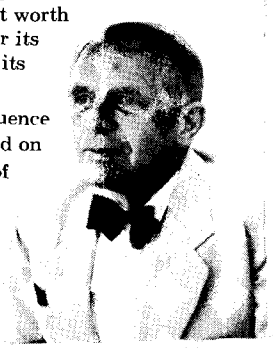

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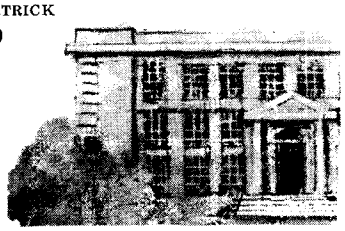

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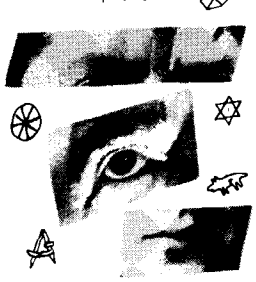

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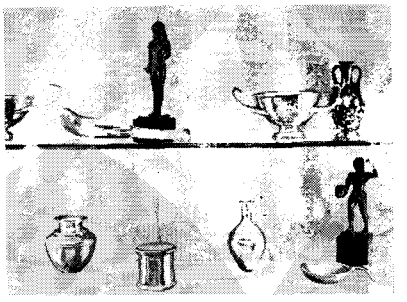
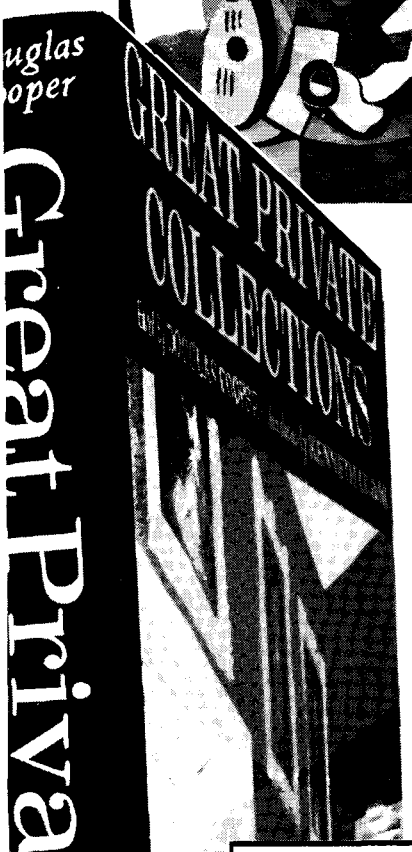


Left. This 1925 oil-on-canvas by Pablo Picasso is from the collection of Samuel Marx. It is so strikingly different from the 1941 Picasso in the Winston collection or the 1905 canvas belonging to Albert Lasker that one finds it difficult to realize that all three were painted by the same artist. *Center. La Résistance Inutile . . .* Jean Honoré Fragonard's charcoal sketch with wash is a superb example of the freedom and spontaneity that the great artists of the 18th century got into their drawings. From the Davray collection. *Right.* A group of ancient Greek, Etruscan and Roman bronzes, silver and pottery from the Walter C. Baker collection. The Baker collection also includes a curious self-portrait of the young Edgar Degas which hints at the high style of draftsmanship that the artist later developed. Nearly 100 artists are represented in these 26 private collections.



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Odilon Redon
George Rouault
Edouard Vuillard
Fra Bartolomeo
Jean Antoine Watteau
Leonardo da Vinci
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The WEEK

● Mr. Harold C. Schonberg, music critic for the *New York Times,* heard strange melodies at a piano recital by Van Cliburn on October 4, and duly reported, next day: "Mr. Cliburn apparently prefaces all of his concerts with the national anthem, and in that he is alone among American solo musicians. He seems to be trying to prove something—but what?" Heh heh heh. Some old fogey-types just don't dig the new music.

● Twenty-four hours after the Senate ratified the Treaty of Moscow came the news of a mysterious 500-kiloton blast in the Antarctic back on August 3. Earl H. Voss, who broke the story in the *Washington Evening Star,* reported that a government spokesman admitted the news had been delayed until after the Senate had acted. A recent issue of the magazine *Missiles and Rockets* now reveals that one of the possible results of high-yield nuclear explosions is electromagnetic pulse phenomena capable of crippling, at long range, the electronic mechanisms of missiles so that they cannot be fired from their silos. Have the Soviets developed an anti-ballistic missile system that could in this way wipe out a major part of our "second-strike" force? These considerations, it now turns out, were at the heart of Air Force opposition to the test ban. As SAC's General Thomas L. Power told a closed session of the Senate Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee this past summer: "The point is I think we must find out. We must determine whether or not these things are true. . . . The treaty is not in the best interests of the U.S." But when General Power's testimony was released, every reference to the crucial question of electromagnetic energy had been deleted.

● Nineteen members, eleven Democrats and eight Republicans, of the world's greatest deliberative body, voted against ratification of the Treaty of Moscow. There was a dismayingly large Brutus vote this time, namely Messrs. Allott (R., Colo.); Cotton (R., N.H.); Dodd (D., Conn.); Dominick (R., Colo.); Hickenlooper (R., Iowa); Hruska (R., Neb.); Jackson (D., Wash.); Miller (R., Iowa); Mundt (R., S.D.); Symington (D., Mo.); and Williams (R., Del.).

● In New York City a coordinating council has been formed representing some 15 parents' and taxpayers' groups claiming up to 300,000 members, to resist—by picketing, boycotts, strikes—the proposal to transfer children to schools outside their neighborhoods for the purpose of achieving a pre-calculated racial balance in the public schools. Democratic Councilman Edward Sadowsky, in whose (90 per cent white) district the movement appears to have blossomed, echoes his constituents' declaration of support for integrated schools but affirms their operative argument, that of being "personally opposed to mandatory bussing of children all over the community." The council bases much of its position on the idea of "the community school," an idea that is inseparable from the idea of community itself, *i.e.,* the existence of local interests in local questions that take precedence over interests expressed or claimed in behalf of larger geographic or political aggregations. The irony is this: that if these 300,000 citizens claimed they were not a community but a state, then they'd be inviting a visit from Bobby Kennedy and his bayonet squads.

● While Clement Attlee hailed the resurgent "spirit of 1945" at the British Labor Party's 62nd annual conference last week, West German Social Democrats were busy divesting themselves of one socialist remnant after another. Looking toward next year's national elections, Willy Brandt's party renounced economic planning, embraced private enterprise, and repudiated strikes as a vestige of the past.

● Robert Theobald, a consulting economist to the UN, who thinks the UN "kept the peace" in the Congo, and who is professionally involved in the thesis that we're so rich we've got problems (see his *The Challenge of Abundance*), went barding off to De Pauw University last month to tell a pro-UN seminar that the U.S. is on the verge of complete automation; and so on the verge of mass leisure; which must be financed by "society." "I can see no possible alternative in this situation but to provide every individual with an absolute constitutional right to an income adequate to allow him to live with dignity." As he develops the notion in a book he'll soon publish, said dignified incomes will come about by sort of limiting the incomes of everyone else. Because we're rich, nobody's rich, see? Whereas if we were poor, had no machines, and did all our work by hand, then we wouldn't have problems, would we? But Mr. Theobald knows you can't turn the clock back to the good old days.

● What can workingmen do to protect themselves from the abuses of ruthless employers? All together, now, Or-gan-ize. And what are the national staff members of Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers doing in order to bargain with Walter Reuther? Yup. And he's "hurt and shocked" about it.

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The Wheat Mess

Senator Mundt has called on President Kennedy to bring together officials from all the countries of the free world, to try to figure out what on earth is going on. The Senator's point is that the recent wheat business bares an intrinsic unintelligibility in our foreign policy which must not go unexamined.

The easy way to frame the dilemma is this: The United States of America has during the past fifteen years accepted great sacrifices, on our own behalf, and on behalf of the free world, in order to avoid a) war against the Soviet Union, and b) enslavement by the Soviet Union. The cost of our program, in foreign aid to our allies, and our putative allies, has been about one hundred billion dollars. The cost, in national defense, is somewhere in the neighborhood of six hundred billion dollars. With that kind of dough, one ought to be able to buy a pretty good foreign policy.

The Soviet Union's success in purchasing vast amounts of wheat from the free world, and now their colossal effrontery in offering to buy our own wheat, reflect not only Communist audacity, but Western ambiguity. If the aim of our policy is to reduce the capacity of the Soviet Union to wage war, economic, political, or military, how can we willingly acquiesce in efforts by free world nations to come to the aid of the Soviet Union just at a moment when, as the result of her exorbitant concentration on world-wide subversion, she shows herself to have neglected her domestic husbandry?

That much alone is sufficient reason for the United States' using what control we have over others, to say nothing of what control we have over ourselves, to hold still, and let things alone, when there are indications that our foreign policy is actually succeeding, or the enemy's weaknesses are actually overtaking him. We appear, on the contrary, to be frightened at any prospect of success. It is as though a general, having painstakingly laid siege to the enemy, becomes so disconcerted by knowledge of the enemy's shortage of water, that he calls a truce, and pipes in an aqueduct—in return, say, for the enemy's offer of gold. Of which the free world has not nearly as much as it would like, granted. But which gold is so negligible a factor in the total situation as to render the coveting of it, at the price of shoring up the enemy's weakness, a confession of that inherent unintelligibility of policy of which Senator Mundt complains. We have, we repeat, spent some seven hundred billion bucks in resisting the Soviet Union. Are we now so anxious to recapture a few hundred millions, as to call into question the purpose of the original expenditure?

The more subtle problem has to do with how to master human instincts. Man is seldom so ingenious as when advancing arguments why it is necessary, and right, that he should enrich himself. It requires majestic authority, temporal, or moral, to keep a man from bartering his excess goods. Whence do we summon our authority? It is difficult to argue with Canadian policy, when the record is there that a full year before they contemplated selling their wheat to Russia, we were giving away our drugs to Castro, our sworn enemy, in response to political blackmail. America has not convinced the foreign world of her seriousness; which is why Canada, and Australia, and the Upper Volta, can deal pretty much as they please with the Soviet Union, and thumb their noses at American reaction. It would be hard enough to tell the Canadian Government that they should not permit the sale of wheat to the Soviet Union if we ourselves always acted consistently in our defensive war against the Soviet Union. Under existing paradoxes, our advice would be scorned, or resented.

What might the United States have done, under the circumstances? The answer is that we should recognize that we have two principal weapons through which to defend ourselves, having quite rightly forsworn the third, which is preventive war. They are: 1) the moral weapon—the defense of freedom against its opposite; and 2) the economic weapon—the willingness of a free people to spend and spend and spend —shall we repeat the figure? $700 billion by the U.S. alone—in order to swing our weight. This year we shall have spent over four billion dollars on the moonstruckery of our space people. One quarter that sum would have enabled us to buy the wheat of the Canadians and Australians, stick it in a conspicuous granary, and donate it to the United Nations on the condition that it be made available, free of charge, to any Communist nation which will give convincing proof that it is prepared to live as a peaceful partner in our disordered world. Yea, even to Russia: if Russia will tear down the Berlin Wall, grant free elections in Cuba, withdraw its revolutionaries from South America. A monument that granary could be, to the generous—yet purposive—intentions of the United States: to make economic sacrifices in behalf of world peace and freedom.

Back to the Drawing Board

Profundity, Inc., a wholly owned subsidiary of the Establishment, is allowing itself a smile these days at the expense of poor naive Barry Goldwater, who, it is charged, commits the error of proposing "simple solutions" to "complex problems." Goldwater has often enough expressed the conservative belief that patience is required in the face of problems that have no immediate solution; he needs no defense on that charge. The fun of it would be to pick up the

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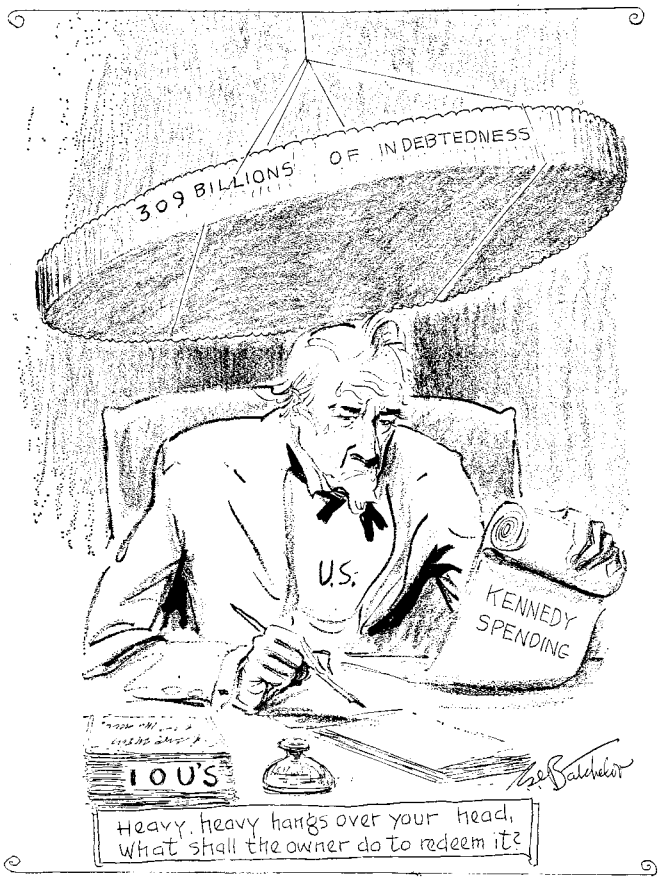
309 BILLIONS OF INDEBTEDNESS
U.S.
KENNEDY SPENDING
IOU'S
Heavy, heavy hangs over your head, What shall the owner do to redeem it?

grenade and toss it back at the gentry who, dismayed at their cities, proposed an Urban Affairs Department; who, tired of struggle, formed the Peace Corps; or, to solve the ills of youth, dished up the Domestic Peace Corps; or the Wall of Freedom around Cuba. "Simple solutions," to "complex problems," these, and they're not Goldwater's.

Who, *e.g.*, was it who proposed that the problems of four hundred years in two dozen Latin American countries might be solved by the simple scheme of the Alliance for Progress? Was it Barry Goldwater who said we could snap our $20 billion fingers and New-Frontierize the Western Hemisphere? Or was it Profundity, Inc.?

That piece of simplicity, of course, issued straight from Profundity's bag of cozy nostra. And we're not supposed to notice that it hasn't worked. The Russians have dug in, in Cuba; and Castro's agents are more active than ever in Central *and* South America. Washington's plan to socialize the region before Castro does only hastened the traditional response—and so the military takeover, as the final alternative to Castroism, has popped up again, in Peru, Ecuador, the Dominican Republic, Honduras, Guatemala, Argentina (never you mind those election returns). Colombia might profitably take the military way out, and experienced Latin American hands are saying Venezuela and Brazil aren't far from rule by junta.

That's a pretty horrendous record under the grand Alliance for Progress, and to an ordinarily endowed observer it would suggest, as it has to Goldwater, that the Alliance for Progress is not only malarkey, but pea-soup fog that prohibits a clear view of the real world, and so should be abandoned, in favor of letting Latin America do things its way, with occasional U.S. help in mussing up the Communists whenever they surface. And meanwhile sending Profundity, Inc., back to the drawing board—preferably on some shady campus.

And don't let anyone tell you that kicking out a few hundred bureaucrats and closing down the Alianza game is a "simple solution." Not simple at all. Have *you* ever tried to close down a government agency? Or fire a bureaucrat?

Is Goldwater Moving Left?

I. We didn't time you, but we warrant that about one hundredth part of one second elapsed between the time you read the title of this editorial, and the time you plunged into this sentence. That title, in an infinite number of variations, is the sexiest headline in contemporary American politics, as witness the events of the last week or so, most of them centering about The Speech at Montclair, New Jersey. We propose to take all the space necessary to recount what happened, in order to provide a generic case history, against which to weigh tomorrow's rumors about Goldwater's perfidies.

1. On September 20, Senator Goldwater introduces a speech into the *Congressional Record.*

It is not generally known to the public that a) senators and congressmen are constantly introducing material into the *Congressional Record,* often do so automatically, without reading the material, as a gesture of friendship, or an accommodation, to a friend, or friend of a friend; and most particularly it is not known b) that recently Congress, in order to expedite the operation, revised the rules which theretofore had required the congressional sponsor actually to stand on the floor and beg unanimous consent for said introduction into the *Record.* Now congressmen may merely hand documents over to a clerk, who takes it from there.

2. The speech duly appeared in the *Congressional Record,* under the notation that it had been delivered by Senator Barry Goldwater at a meeting of the Conservative Club of Montclair, New Jersey on August 24, 1963.

3. Arthur Krock, James Reston, and the *Washington Post,* someone presumably having called the speech to their several attentions the day before, all carried stories to the effect that Senator Goldwater was moving toward the center of American politics, that he

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Focus on '64

◆ Lines of communication were openly established between conservative GOP leaders and the Conservative Party of New York when the GOP legislative leader, State Senator Walter Mahoney, and the conservative U.S. Congressman, Steven Derounian, addressed the overflow first-birthday banquet of the Conservative Party on September 26. The affair was topped off with laudatory telegrams from Congressmen J. E. Wharton, John Pillion, and Katherine St. George. As a possible aftermath, Senator Kenneth Keating (R., N.Y.) ten days later said he wouldn't request and might possibly reject Conservative endorsement in his bid for re-election next year. The outlines of Keating's campaign are growing pretty clear: 1) Gen. Lucius Clay is co-chairing a fund-raiser for him; 2) Keating now has ultra-Liberal Sen. Jake Javits's whole '62 campaign staff working for him; 3) Sen. Keating's aides are emphasizing how closely his voting record matches that of Javits: in 1962 he voted with Javits 87 per cent of the time. In any case, it's far too early for the Conservative Party to be thinking about endorsements.

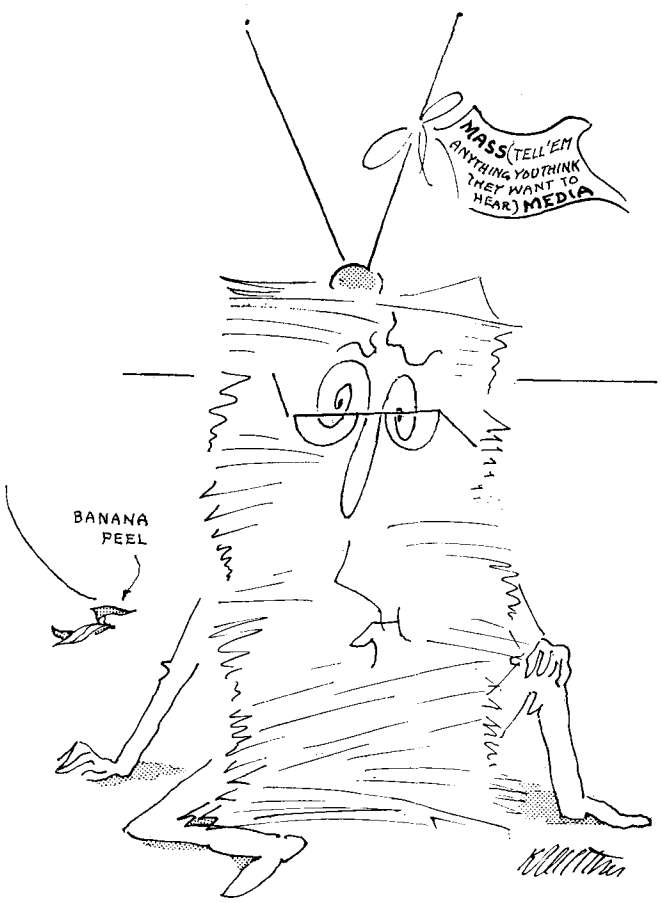
◆ President Kennedy's swing through the West didn't give him much to hope for from the standpoint of electoral votes, but it did confirm the mass appeal of the "peace" issue, especially as it pertains to the Moscow Treaty. It's almost dead certain Kennedy will use "peace" as the #1 hot item in his campaign. Time will tell whether that offer is a loss leader; one conclusion is obvious: the GOP candidate, no matter who he is, will have to fight off the accusation, "Warmonger!"

◆ During that tour Kennedy got Goldwater in his sights for the first time and took a shot or two at him. Super-subtle analysts are wondering if that wasn't Kennedy's way of letting the GOP kingmakers think he wasn't afraid of Barry (and by implication was terribly afraid of Rockefeller): as a variation on the ancient tactics for getting the opposition to put up a patsy. More reasonable explanation: Kennedy, who likes a long lead-time campaign (*cf.* 1959-1960, when the rule was to get out front early and stay there), figures Goldwater will be the GOP nominee, and there's nothing to gain by pulling punches now or later.

◆ Goldwater Clubs now officially organized in Connecticut (P.O. Box 1964, Enfield) will aim for the juiciest target in that possibly marginal state: the 595,000 voters who stayed away from the polls in 1962. The job may go easier thanks to Democratic involvements—Thomas Brislin, assistant to Democratic National Chairman John Bailey, has resigned in order to work *against* the nomination of Democratic Sen. Thomas Dodd.

◆ Rockefeller gathers his forces. Sen. Thomas Kuchel may be his California lieutenant (countering Goldwater's William Knowland); an 18-page brochure, "The Rockefeller Republican Record," is floating around New York; in Brussels, Rocky said he wouldn't accept #2 place on the ticket; N.Y. Young Republican president Jean McKee has ordered the troops not to display pro-anybody sentiments (esp. pro-BG?) before the regular nomination; and Richard Nixon moves up front as Rocky's aide-de-camp and *most* authoritative spokesman.

◆ Zip notes. Conservative leaders in Michigan have made great headway in a campaign *not* to make Governor Romney unhappy. Their line: Goldwater for President, Romney for Governor; everybody's happy? Favorite-son move for Walter Judd gaining steam in Minnesota. *Time*, *Life*, etc., will come out for Goldwater the minute they see he has it. Jimmy Hoffa says he may support Romney. Car #89 at the Labor Day sports car races, Daytona Beach, a 1963 Formula V owned and driven by Bill Baker, carried "Goldwater in '64" strips on both sides, finished a conservative 7th (out of 20). An official of the 61,000-member California Federation of Republican Women says they're 95 per cent of them for Goldwater. Governor Scranton says Pennsylvania may give Kennedy a tough fight.



"You swallowed 'Taft Can't Win' against your better judgment. Now, suddenly, you're having a lot of trouble swallowing 'Goldwater Can't Win' against your better judgment. You're not only hard-nosed reactionaries—you're inconsistent hard-nosed reactionaries!"

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had now repudiated the "radical Right" in unambiguous language, and that the speech was of enormous domestic political importance.

4. On October 2, Senator Goldwater, on reading in the newspapers that he had turned left, as witness his speech at Montclair, New Jersey, replied that not only had he not delivered that particular speech at Montclair, New Jersey, he had not delivered *any* speech at Montclair, New Jersey. A great flurry ensued, and it transpired that the clerk who received the document had inadvertently crossed out the name of the speech's author, a Mr. Gerald J. Skebbins of the Opinion Research Corporation at Princeton, New Jersey, listing Senator Goldwater, instead, as the author.

Why then—the reporters collared him in the Senate corridor—had he inserted the speech, if now he was disavowing it? He wasn't disavowing it, said the Senator, airily; he approved of it.

Now the speech itself, a substantial document of 2,500 words or so, is devoted for the most part to a perfectly routine and highly incomplete explanation of what it is that makes a conservative, and to an emphatic endorsement of the conservative point of view. Embedded in it, however, was one highly provocative paragraph, needless to say the one on which the attention of the press had focused. Mr. Skebbins had written that "many Americans squirm when they hear the label 'Conservative' because they think of pre-World War II isolationism, John Birch Society members, America Firsters, segregationists, Ku Klux Klansmen and many other little groups who feel that freedom means an extra-legal hunting or hating license rather than a responsible privilege held under law." Such people as those who belong or belonged to such groups, said Mr. Skebbins, are moved primarily by fear, and tend to "exonerate" their lack of courage, and ignorance of events, by "psychotic attacks" upon their countrymen, which are "actually psychotic projections of people who fear that their world is slipping away forever."

Now, any urbane observer who knows something about political reality, anything about the Goldwater candidacy, and anything at all about Senator Goldwater, would have presumptively resisted the temptation to believe that Senator Goldwater had so far gone off his rocker as to couple, *e.g.*, the Ku Klux Klan and the America Firsters. Three dozen times in the past two years Goldwater has said he has considerable admiration for the average member of the John Birch Society. It is unlikely that he would suddenly give a speech, or condone a passage in another man's speech, which would so radically depart from his general position against categorical condemnations—which, paradoxically, the incautious Mr. Skebbins was denouncing even as he engaged in them. Yet with such haste did certain members of the press pounce on this passage, that it is apparent that they did not even read the speech through. Towards the end of it the sentence appears, "My organization has measured the U.S. public's attitudes toward government over the last seventeen years." Now Senator Goldwater could not have written that sentence, since manifestly he has no organization which has concerned itself with measuring the U.S. public's attitude towards government over the last seventeen years. Anyone reading the speech through, in other words, could not justify believing that Goldwater gave it.

What, then, obviously happened? The Senator slipped through Skebbins' speech quickly, his eyes did not focus on the provocative passage, he slipped the document into the *Record* in a perfectly routine way; and James Reston heralded the New Goldwater.

II. And so it will go. And the distorters will not need to depend for grist on anything so irregular as errors performed by clerks for the *Congressional Record*. The anxiety to move Goldwater left is obsessive, and for two reasons. The first is the terrible fear, on the part of the easily terrified, of contemplating a nation presided over by the author of *The Conscience of a Conservative*—that is, a class of men who truly hope and believe that Senator Goldwater will move over in the direction they have arbitrarily hallowed as "moderate." The second group includes those who, bitterly and viciously opposed to the Senator, are anxious to portray him as an opportunist, as a hypocrite who will gladly relinquish the principles that brought him to public attention, a-whoring his way to the White House. This last type one must confront by rigorous textual examinations of what they say, together with heavy reliance on the presumption that they are wrenching words and phrases out of context.

In the September 28 issue of *The New Republic*, for instance, "T.R.B." gloats that "the Great Mutation has begun," through which Barry Goldwater, in hot pursuit of the Presidency, will transform himself into a moderate. Thus does he document the change. "The old Goldwater had one pet position that was most fantastic of all: he denounced the graduated income tax. Now he is applying a skillful smudge to this untenable political position. What he wants now [is] 'a complete study of the whole problem.' He has moved from repeal to a study group. And, with the

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

WITCH-HUNTERS ON THE LEFT: The Reuther Memorandum

BUDDHIST PERSECUTIONS: A DISSENT by the Archbishop of Hué

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adeptness of a forest nymph, he erases his past footmarks as he progresses: 'These people that advocate the repeal of the income tax,' he says blandly, 'have yet to come up with any sound argument as to what they would replace it with.' Who in the world are 'these people who advocate repeal of the income tax'? Don't look at Barry; his face is as innocent as a child's. Of course, in his book, *The Conscience of a Conservative,* he did call the graduated tax 'immoral' and 'confiscatory,' and added, 'one problem with regard to taxes . . . is to enforce justice—to abolish the graduated features of our tax laws, and the sooner we get at the job the better.' "

Are you thoroughly confused? You should be, if you are a careful reader. TRB runs through all these quotations in utter disregard of the word "graduated." That word makes rather a lot of difference, you know. Senator Goldwater has always opposed the graduated income tax, for profound philosophical reasons, such as those enumerated by the distinguished social scientists of the University of Chicago who ten years ago published the formative book, *The Uneasy Case for Progressive Income Taxation.* The graduated income tax could be completely eliminated at a cost to federal revenues not greatly in excess of the amount of money that annually goes to farmers in subsidies. Senator Goldwater *is* against the graduated income tax.

But he has *never* declared against the income tax itself, having previously taken exactly the position he is now quoted by TRB as taking *de novo,* namely, that the responsibility falls on those who would eliminate the income tax to show persuasively how else to pay the costs of government as specified by Congress.

So it goes, and so will it go, hotter and hotter, in the months to come. TRB, and those others like him who inhabit the fever swamps of the Left, continue to exhale their acrimony. Some, who like that kind of thing, will be intoxicated by the essence of anti-Goldwater; others will be overcome by the fetid exhaust; still others will ignore it, as most of us ignore swamps, except every now and then when we go duck-hunting: but it is wise to know that the energumens are there, and that they are always making noise.

III. And a final note of caution for those Platonists who have difficulty distinguishing between paradigmatic political writing, and prudential approaches to concrete situations. It is not in the least irresponsible for a man to say: "I believe farm subsidies should be eliminated." But it would be most irresponsible for any man, assuming he got hold of that much power, to "eliminate farm subsidies" overnight. The first is a statement of theoretical political belief, said upon contemplating the model or reformed society. The second is an act of implementation. On the difference between the two Mr. Goldwater is singularly unconfused. Even in his book of paradigms, *The Conscience of a Conservative,* he takes the time to specify the necessity for gradual, ordered, humane action. It is not tergiversation if Senator Goldwater, during the months to come, emphasizes concrete, proximate hurdles, of the kind it would have been distracting to emphasize in books and speeches dwelling on theoretical goals. "Those who remain in the world," Whittaker Chambers wrote, "if they will not surrender on its terms, must maneuver within its terms." Senator Goldwater is of this world, as is the office of the Presidency; and if this calls for rejoicing, it calls also for patience, and understanding. What conservatives must decide," Chambers continued, "[is] how much to give in order to survive at all; how much to give in order not to give up the basic principles. And, of course, that results in a dance along a precipice. Many will drop over, and, always, the cliff-dancers will hear the screaming curses of those who fall, or be numbered by the sullen silence of those . . . who will not join in the dance."

So far as we can see, it's perfectly safe to dance along with Goldwater.

Mme. Nhu Comes to Town

New York, Oct. 9—Madame Nhu is in town and, as a setting up exercise, today took on several hundred correspondents of the august Overseas Press Club. They crowded into the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf to see her, and to confirm their dislike for her. When she walked in, soignée in a high-necked turquoise gown,

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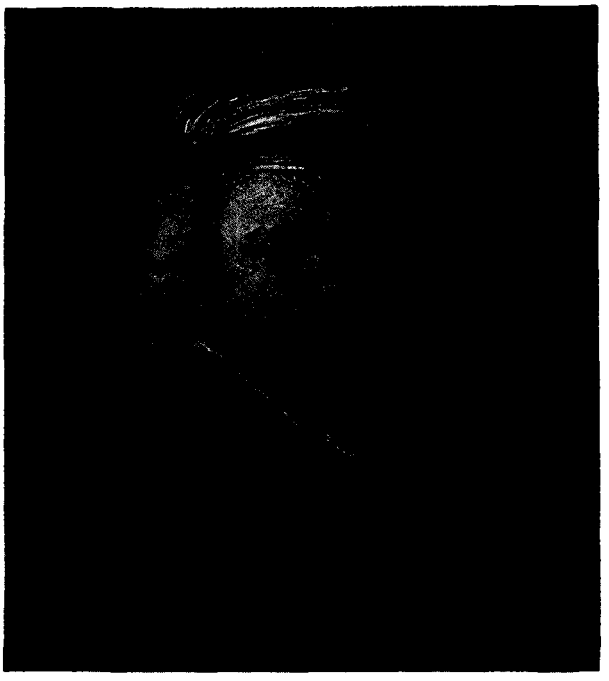

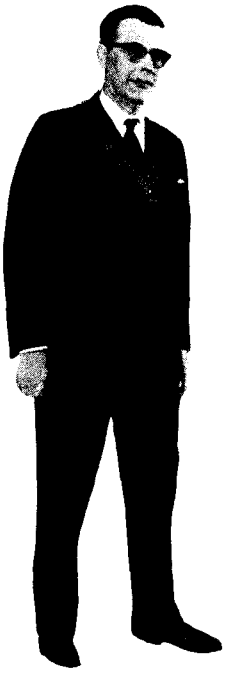

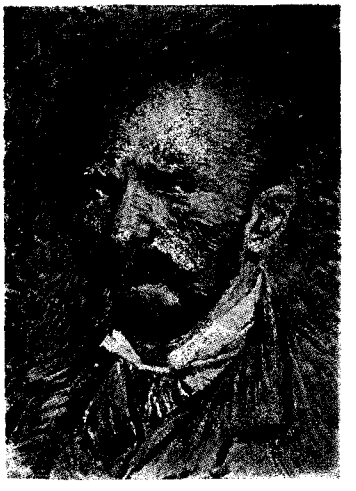

Amsterdam's Mayor van Hall shows you three Dutch artists as they saw themselves: Self-portraits by Rembrandt (left); Hals (upper right); van Gogh (lower right).

The Burgemeester of Amsterdam invites you to Holland to meet Rembrandt, Hals and van Gogh

IT IS SAID that the Dutchman's appreciation of fine food is surpassed only by his love of art and beauty.

If you share this reverence for art, you must come to Holland. Burgemeester Gijsbert van Hall, mayor of Amsterdam, Holland's capital, cordially invites you to visit the more than forty museums you'll find in his city alone. In Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum you'll see Rembrandt's masterpiece, "The Night Watch," painted in 1642.

In Rotterdam's Boymans—van Beuningen Museum, a uniquely designed hall features the works of Jan van Eijck, Jeroen Bosch and Rubens. The famous Frans Hals Gallery is in Haarlem.

In Hoge Veluwe National Park, near Arnhem, is the Kröller Müller Museum which houses two hundred and seventy van Goghs—the largest collection in the world. The works of Vermeer, Steen and other masters abound in Holland. If your taste is specialized, you'll find galleries devoted to such widely disparate subjects as folklore and Roman finds.

In between your museum hopping, you'll find so many other pleasures in Holland. Canals to cruise through. Castles to explore. Windmills to watch. Fine cuisine to sample. Superb music to hear. Antiques to buy (at bargain prices). Sophisticated night spots to visit.

And by the way, don't bother to learn Dutch. Even youngsters speak English in this friendly land. So come to Holland this year. The Dutch are expecting you. Especially Burgemeester Gijsbert van Hall, of Amsterdam.

For literature, see your travel agent, or write Netherlands National Tourist Office, 605 5th Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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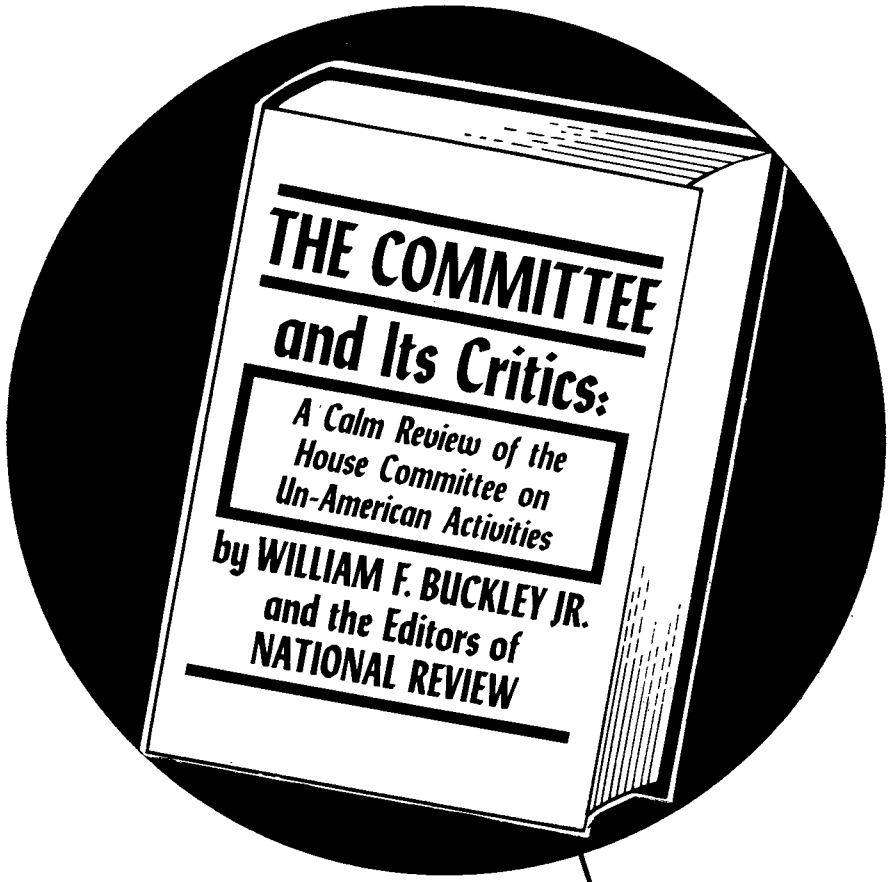
THE COMMITTEE
and Its Critics:
A Calm Review of the House Committee on Un-American Activities
by WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.
and the Editors of
NATIONAL REVIEW

THE COMMITTEE and ITS CRITICS

The Committee and Its Critics, edited by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., is the only book that deals authoritatively with attacks on the House Committee on Un-American Activities. It features the history of the Committee (including the Hiss Case); the way it works; what it has accomplished, plus a whole chapter on the famous San Francisco riots. Its 384 pages include contributions from such well-known anti-Communists as James Burnham (author of *Web of Subversion,* etc.), Ralph de Toledano (author of *Seeds of Treason,* etc.), and M. Stanton Evans (author of *Revolt on the Campus*).

This is *the* definite work on HUAC. Every concerned American should have a copy for his permanent library.

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the applause was paper thin. President Barrett McGurn obviously had trouble with his introductory remarks. As President of the OPC, he said, it was his job to introduce "one of the most fascinating personalities of Asia." It was, he hastened to add, OPC policy to welcome *all* newsmakers. There had been pressure against extending the invitation from "the government, some congressmen and some of our own members who are here today." But (oh the gallant OPC) the Club had stood firm and here was Mme. Nhu who would, he was sure, give "frank answers to frank questions." Never was such reassurance less necessary.

Did she think foreign correspondents in Saigon did a good job? Stripped down a bit ("I prefer not to antagonize people"), her answer was No. Foreign newsmen, she said, in general do not like the regime and it is not surprising, therefore, that their reporting is "subjective." The government, she admitted, was in part at fault. The president is not an orator. He is shy. He doesn't like to meet people. And the Information Service, which is understaffed (finding enough people in a country like mine who can do a job of this sort is difficult), is too busy countering the North Vietnam and Viet Cong propaganda to bother with foreign correspondents who want to be "coddled" and "helped" instead of going out and finding out what is happening.

Did she think Vietnam should be reunited by force? "I am against violence — you may not believe it [laughter]—but I am against violence."

No, in brief. She would react against attack from the North, but not go over to the offensive. Nevertheless she predicted that Vietnam would be reunited in the not "too far long future" because the Communists were losing the war. And very clearly and very seriously she explained how South Vietnam was going about winning its war.

Where her English (slow, but clear) tripped her up, she got her point over by gestures. And by gestures she explained the three-ply tactic which she insists is winning the subversive war Vietnam is fighting ("My country is the only country which is actively fighting Communism," she reminded the audience); thereby proving up a solution for the guerrilla warfare tactics Mao Tse-tung outlined so many years ago.

1) We isolate the enemy by organizing the countryside into strategic hamlets. Mao says that you can take over a country if you can infiltrate the countryside because your soldiers will be like fish in the sea. But by organizing the peasants into fortified hamlets, you get rid of the sea and the Viet Cong fish are not in the sea but on the chopboard. 2) We counterattack, with your logistical help (the helicopters), and corner the enemy, but then we don't kill him because of tactic 3) which is open arms. We welcome them back, we rehabilitate them, we ask them to become our friends. In the last five months, 10,000 of the Viet Cong have accepted our open arms. When you hear that a mission is fruitless it is often because "the North doesn't provide us with sufficient game."

All in all, a virtuoso performance. And the gentlemen of the press, who recognize and admire a pro, gave Mme. Nhu a good hand before going back to write the story they had intended to write all along.

For the Record

Could be. The rumor that when Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas retires (probably at end of year) his replacement will be Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee. This would be one way of speeding Administration legislation through the House. . . . Columnists Allen and Scott report that it was when State Department security official Otto Otepka discovered Harlan Cleveland was trying to find a way to bring Alger Hiss back into the Department, probably as a consultant, that Otepka turned to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee for help. (Otepka had, at one time, opposed giving Assist. Secretary of State Cleveland a security clearance.) The State Department is now trying to oust Otepka. Not Cleveland. . . . Story in Chicago Tribune that Bobby Kennedy has ordered an investigation into the background of Victor Lasky bringing in a lot of unfavorable mail. Lasky, of course, is author of the lèse-Kennedy JFK: The Man and the Myth, which zoomed to top of best-seller list two weeks ago. . . . Also on official blacklist is Jerry Jackis, an investigator for the Agency for International Development. Jackis finally quit after being benched for a year or more. His crime? He discovered that U.S. materials were being used to build a hospital in Cambodia for which the Soviet Union was getting credit.

Chancellor Adenauer, in a pre-retirement statement, totally opposed any actions, such as proposed wheat sale, which would help the Soviet Union out of its economic difficulties. . . . Since October 1, an informal bread-rationing system has been in force in Soviet Union; flour is unobtainable in Moscow today. . . . Market value of the stock of companies based in the Congo has dropped 80 per cent since 1959.

Danish pedagogues up in arms over bumptious statement by French Premier Pompidou that he would like to see French the second language in Denmark. It's one thing, say the teachers, for de Gaulle to decree who will and won't get into the Common Market, but when he starts decreeing what shall be taught in Danish schools—that's, how you say, en-d'or-ant le lis.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

All efforts by the Democratic leadership in the Senate to batten down the scandals which resulted in a discreet announcement that Robert G. Baker, secretary to the Democratic Senate majority, had resigned because of "conflict of interest" (*i.e.*, business transactions outside his congressional duties) aren't getting very far. Around the Hill they're whispering that the Baker Affair will make Billie Sol Estes look like a small-time fantan dealer. Senator John Williams (R., Del.), whose revelations of Mr. Baker's business deals touched off the investigation which lead to Baker's ouster, has a carefully documented case against the one-time Senate page and present Lyndon Johnson protégé and means to get to the bottom of it. Actually, Baker did not resign. He was summoned to Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield's office on Thursday, Oct. 3, to give his side of the story, and didn't show. I'll be there tomorrow, he said. Friday, no show. On Monday, when the elusive Mr. Baker still could not be found, Senator Mansfield announced that his resignation had been accepted. A number of important figures both in and around the Hill are reported to be involved in various dealings, many of them less salubrious, it is said, than influence peddling.

Cato

It's been a bad fortnight for the Administration, all in all. On top of the Baker imbroglio, the State Department seems to have played Dr. Frankenstein in its handling of the Otepka security case. Otto Otepka, a long-time security officer at State with an excellent record, has been charged with a whole series of acts "unbecoming a State Dept. officer." Reduced to basics, the charge against Otepka is simply that he turned over to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee a raft of security reports, and that by so doing he "declassified" these documents without permission.

The case is receiving much attention in the news media, and the methods employed by State to "get" Otepka make interesting reading. But the significance is not what Otepka did or did not do, nor the manner in which the State Department got its "evidence," but rather in the basic security weaknesses at State to which investigation of the case is bound to lead.

For a long time now, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has been quietly looking into widespread charges that security practices at State are indeed, to phrase it delicately, somewhat lax. The investigation grew out of the Subcommittee's look at the case of William Wieland, a foreign service officer who was an early supporter of Castro.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk had been scheduled to appear before the Senate Committee for some time, but he delayed his appearance long enough for the Senate vote on the Treaty of Moscow. (No one in the Administration wanted to take any chance that revelations of insecure practices in Foggy Bottom might have an unfortunate fallout on that all-important vote.) Now Rusk is prepared to take the stand in the Committee room. State's attempted ouster of Otepka at this particular moment was probably intended to put the Senate investigators on the defensive and stave off embarrassing questions, but it may well backfire.

Otepka, incidentally, has secured the services of one of Washington's finest lawyers and it's an open secret that an influential Democratic senator, who is often at odds with the White House, has undertaken to help raise the money for the defense should a lengthy legal action be called for.

A Latin American expert with impressive credentials, who has traveled extensively in the Caribbean in recent months, last week briefed two Republican Party leaders on just what is going on in that explosive region.

On the Dominican Republic, he reported (as had a good part of the press, incidentally) that Juan Bosch's extreme tolerance for Communists and pro-Communists was paving the way for a Castro-type takeover in the very near future. According to this expert, the civilian junta now ruling Santo Domingo was the motivating force behind the putsch, but that it had to enlist the military given the critical time element. This expert believes that if the United States continues to apply the pressures it is now applying to Santo Domingo the military will, in fact, take over the government.

Part of the trouble, in Santo Domingo, as in Honduras and in Cuba before that, he says, is that the fountainhead of wisdom on affairs Caribbean continues to be Puerto Rican Governor Luis Muñoz Marín. Muñoz is fanatically wedded to the idea that Latin American nations should be ruled by a government of the "Democratic Left," and only the Democratic Left. The fact that these governments prove an easy push-over for Communist infiltrators and are vulnerable to Communist coups has failed to sway him in the slightest from this conviction.

It will be another "Bay of Pigs," is what the bureaucratologists are saying about the interdepartmental mix-ups in Saigon. By which they mean that the CIA, which cannot defend itself publicly, will be blamed for the flap in the handling of the Buddhist persecution issue. One thing is sure: the State Department technically cannot issue orders to CIA agents in the field, as Ambassador Lodge tried to do. If there was a change of policy it should have been argued out and cleared through the National Security Council, on which both CIA and State are represented, and the proper word sent out through the proper channels. But this procedure was obviously not followed in the case of Saigon (Are we, or are we not supporting Diem? was the question on which CIA and State obviously had different answers), and what is easier as a cover-up than to point to the Firm and say—you're it. That's how it's being played.

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Inviting Communists to Speak at Colleges

Last month the Yale Political Union invited Gov. Wallace to speak. A year before, it invited Gus Hall—and asked Wm. Buckley to give the reasons why it shouldn't have . . .

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Considerable publicity has recently been given to the withdrawal by Yale's Political Union of an invitation to Governor George Wallace of Alabama to address it. Exactly a year before, the PU had invited Gus Hall, Secretary of the Communist Party, USA, to address it. The previously scheduled speaker was William Buckley who, when he heard that Hall was to follow him, agreed to appear only on the condition that the PU address itself, on the night he spoke, specifically to the question whether to confirm the invitation to Hall, and vote on the question after Buckley's speech. The text of his address follows. After the ensuing debate, by a narrow vote, the PU withdrew its invitation to Hall. There is, Buckley maintains, a significant difference between an invitation to a Communist Party leader and a Southern segregationist. . . .

Last spring, Dr. John Meng addressed a letter to his faculty. Dr. Meng is the president of Hunter College, a political scientist by training, and a man well known for his Liberal views. "Ladies and gentlemen," he wrote, and I quote the letter almost in its entirety, "a properly chartered student organization . . . complying with all the requirements established by the Faculty Council and by the Office of the Dean of Students . . . has organized a series of . . . forums under the general title 'Out of the Mainstream.' The first two of these forums, scheduled for April 11 and May 2, are to be addressed by George Lincoln Rockwell, self-styled Commander of the American Nazi Party, and by Gus Hall, General Secretary of the Communist Party, U.S.A. . . . Student sentiment on the . . . campus with regard to the propriety of these invitations is sharply divided . . . Students on both sides of the controversy agree in expressing detestation for the doctrines professed by the . . . two invited speakers. What the students are arguing about is whether they have properly assumed the responsibility which is theirs as a result of the freedom accorded them by the College. . . . Those of us who remember the Second World War, the horrors of Nazism, and the cruelties of Communism on the march, tend to forget that these memories are not a part of the mental equipment of most of our present student body. Their knowledge of those events is largely knowledge transmitted by an older generation or through the medium of historical accounts. It is not surprising that many of them should evince some intellectual interest in listening to a living, avowed Nazi or to an openly-dedicated Communist speaking in the American idiom.

"This situation affords the teaching staff of the College an opportunity to manifest true understanding of the intellectual curiosity of some of our students and at the same time to drive home to these students with more than ordinary effectiveness the lessons so many of us learned through harsh experience about the meaning of democracy and the individual responsibilities which it entails.

"Certainly none of us welcomes the presence on our campus of these disciples of discord. Neither does any one of us wish to foster the spread of their iniquitous teachings. . . . I am completely confident that neither the staff nor the students of Hunter College will permit the foul mouthings of a pipsqueak Hitler, or the delusive dialectic of a Khrushchev in knee-pants to persuade them to abandon their intellectual integrity. To accord these undistinguished visitors anything more demonstrative than a shudder of polite disgust would be to attribute to their presence a totally fictitious importance.

"Those of you," Dr. Meng concluded, "who prefer love to hate, beauty to bestiality, and freedom to bondage may join with others of us among the staff and students of the College in attending the Passover Assembly at Park Avenue . . . at the time [the Fuehrer and the Commissar are] scheduled to speak in the Bronx."

Dr. Meng thus expressed himself, movingly, on what he understands to

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be the moral question involved in inviting a Nazi or a Communist to speak on a college campus: to do so, he is saying, is to put curiosity above other values, communicating a kind of callousness, a sense of aloofness from the suffering caused, and still being caused, by those who practice their ideologies on whole peoples all over the world. But moving though his words are, they seem not to be at the center of Dr. Meng's analysis which is, as it should be in any deliberation of this nature, intellectual and analytical, rather than emotional. What Dr. Meng is saying to his faculty is this: Those who issued these invitations are undergraduates. They do not know what Nazism was, and do not, apparently, know what Communism is. Therefore they deem it necessary to their intellectual experience to hear out a Nazi, and a Communist, in—as he puts it—the American idiom. But Dr. Meng, by declining to examine more closely the unarticulated premises of this summary, yielded that point which I most earnestly cherish, and wish to stress, even beyond the moral or, if you wish, the human point.

Who Benefits?

Dr. Meng says in his remarks governing the forthcoming appearances of both the Nazi and the Communist speakers—he never distinguishes between the two—he says that the students of Hunter have not experienced Communism; more specifically, that they have not heard a defense of Communism in the American idiom, delivered by a Communist. Conceivably, Dr. Meng himself, and many members of his faculty, have never heard a live Communist defend Communism, or a live Nazi defend Nazism; but, he implies, it is not *necessary* that they should have this experience in order to permit them to know what they need to know as educated and responsible members of the academic and civil communities. He did not say to the faculty: "Those of you who have not heard a Communist should make it a point to attend this lecture, to fill out an otherwise uncompleted educational experience." He speaks on the assumption that the faculty know quite well enough what is the Communist position, and how it sounds articulated in the American idiom; that, by implication, the ends of education are not served by listening to a Communist who comes on campus to speak; but rather—but rather what?

What *is* served? other than extrinsic points?—An affirmation of the students' administrative right to invite whomsoever they please to address them? But Dr. Meng does not challenge that right—assuming it to be a right, any more than the authorities of Yale University: it was never in question. What then? What does one come to know, that one did not know before, on listening to an American Communist speak?

No Enlightenment

Nothing, presumably, that one did not know before, if one is ready to participate in a political union, concerning either Marxist analysis or Communist rhetoric. It is inconceivable, Dr. Meng would presumably say, that a thirty-minute address by an official of the Communist Party would add to an understanding of the theory or nature or strategy of the Communist Party. Every official of the Communist Party ruthlessly observes the discipline of his calling; and over four decades, when has it ever been reported that a Communist official, addressing a college gathering or any other non-Communist gathering, said something unexpected? When last did an official of the Party speaking to a college audience let himself improvise, speak ad libitum, vouchsafing us, for even one instant, a sunburst, illuminating the dark mysteries of the Communist pathology? Communists do, sometimes, speak their minds; but never to bourgeois gatherings: here they are on duty, fighting men on the march; they come to recapitulate their dogmas, to press their drive to co-opt the moral slogans of the West, and to practice the science of confusion. Not that they succeed in confusing—they seek rather self-legitimization. They do not confuse the proletariat, for heaven's sake, in whose name their own slogans are forged; they are hardly likely to confuse an audience of college students: they are not likely, in Dr. Meng's phrase, to "persuade [the students] to abandon their intellectual integrity."

Might they, then, these Communist speakers, contribute as much factual, or even human knowledge about the current Communist program, about Communist apologetics, as a single copy of the *Worker*? Less, by far, one would think; considering that the average issue of the *Worker*, which takes no more than thirty minutes to read, covers a wider range of issues, giving the Communist view of the day on everything from Cuba to Ross Barnett to the New York Giants, and does so, moreover, without that encumbering self-consciousness which is the greatest barrier to human communication: though the difference in the version one gets from Gus Hall at Yale and Gus Hall in the *Worker* is even there not great enough in and of itself to justify a professional political curiosity about the disparity between the two renditions. And if it were, that curiosity is easily gratified by reading the *Worker*, where Mr. Hall's speeches to college audiences are often printed, in full.

Is this enough of an argument, one might ask? That an individual's views are well known, and that it is known that he adheres to these rigidly? No, that argument is not sufficient. If it alone were relevant it might be used by the protectionists among you to shield the Political Union from, say, a typical spokesman for the Democratic or the Republican parties, on the grounds that their lines of argument are at any given moment predictable, and that therefore the chances of hearing something new, something fresh, are if not as much against you as in the case of the Communist, they are nearly enough against you to permit you to argue analogically against their appearance.

Modern Myth

The argument broadens here in many directions, and one needs to draw a breath deeply, for to go from here, to there, we must tread on highly delicate ground, step right over one of the most highly cherished dogmas of the modern age, namely, the notion that all ideas are created equal, that it is the responsibility of academic freedom to guard the gates of epistemological relativism. Even so, the reason why a Democratic bore might be acceptable while a Communist bore would not is not emotional, but intellectual. Fiercely though the archetypal Democrat or Republican will resist the opportunity to respond to the challenge of public debate as a human being, rather than as an automaton, there is in his heart and mind, calcified though they may have be-

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come out of long and unthinking and unquestioning service to his party, there is at the root a disposition to think of himself as a member of our community, possessed of a point of view which is held by the community at large to be, within the widest limits of toleration, reasonable. Some views are unreasonable and tolerable. Some views are unreasonable and intolerable, especially insofar as they are systemic rather than merely personal. The Democrat and the Republican will regularly exaggerate in behalf of their causes; sometimes they will consciously lie, they will feign concern, where none is felt; they will decry the manners and morals of the opposition, knowing well that their own manners and morals are indistinguishable: but they remain, flesh and blood and heart, a part of America; they are as they are because American politics is as American politics is, and until we reform it, that is how they will continue to be, the men whom our institutions have nurtured.

Dialogue Impossible

The Communist has of course renounced our institutions, which is perhaps all right, but he has done something very much more; he has renounced the bond—whatever it is: but fragile though it is, it is there, make no mistake about it—that holds together Republicans and Democrats, socialists and Manchesterians, syndicalists and elitists, pacifists and warmongers, civil libertarians and McCarthyites, Townsendites and Coughlinites, Southerners, Westerners, Easterners, Northerners: the Communist has renounced the bond explicitly and intentionally—renunciation in the first degree—and for the duration of that renunciation he cannot speak to us, and we cannot speak to him, because however deep we reach, we cannot find a common vocabulary; we can no more collaborate with him to further the common understanding than Anne Frank could have collaborated with Goebbels in a dialogue on race relations. Until that trance is broken, formal communication is impossible—for he speaks to us in a language whose utter unrelation to reality rules out any possibility of meaningful discourse. There is no idiom available to us for simultaneous usage. Certainly the American idiom will not do. We all abuse the instruments of discourse, but we seek, under the massive roccoco superstructure of point and counterpoint, to say things to each other that come truly out of our minds and our hearts, because we feel that in deeply significant ways, we are related by that highly elastic, but not infinitely elastic, bond, that binds us to each other.

Such a man, then, whose explicit message we know beforehand, which message he must deliver undeviatingly, cannot communicate to us orally

anything of *political* interest, the subject with which the Political Union properly interests itself. He is a fit object of curiosity for students of certain other subjects than politics. A Communist might with good reason be called upon to address serious students of sociology, seeking some accidental insight into the social causes that might have led a man to ideological mania; or to serious students of psychology who seek to examine the reflexes of a man who, for the sake of his Truth, will utter and defend every necessary untruth, every necessary depravity. The court room at Tel Aviv was crowded with professors of the specialized social sciences: but they were not men who would have invited Adolf Eichmann to their college to defend the regime of Adolf Hitler.

The Communists are of concern to non-specialists, I am trying to say, *primarily as human beings* suffering from the most exotic and the most mortal illness of our times, that mania of ideology, which in one of its excrescences in our time, while you were living, blithely stoked the ovens of Germany with Jewish flesh, which without the quiver a normal man feels on running over a dog, committed millions to death by starvation in the very bread-basket of Soviet Russia; which, driven by ideological lust, this very day commits dozens of millions of Chinese to death in pursuit of a lunatic delusion in China: the servants of these ideologies are dislodged from the human situation and yet—

Beyond the Political

And yet they are human beings themselves, for no one has the power formally to renounce his membership in the human race. And it is over their plight as human beings that we must, it strikes me, pause; for that is the problem supremely that you face, above all others; certainly above the political problem, it being conceded you are immune to seductive passes at your intellectual and moral integrity, and that the words, the wooden words, are words you knew before.

That problem is human. What will you do when Gus Hall, the human being, comes here to defend the cause of what you know ahead of time to be the cause of organized inhumanity? Will you show that "shudder of polite disgust"? Is this a new social skill we need to cultivate, in our time?—a part of the social equipment endowed upon us in virtue of our great good fortune as recipients of a Hunter or Yale education? Did *your* son learn at his college how to give off a shudder of polite disgust?

—Or will you applaud him when he is introduced? Yes, there will be applause—in recognition of his courage in facing a hostile audience. But the applause will be confused, will it not: because you know very well that objective courage is not necessarily admirable. The man who threw acid in the face of Victor Riesel in the middle of Times Square was courageous, as was Khrushchev when he ordered the tanks to run over your courageous counterparts in Budapest. Is it not likely that among those of you who applaud there will be those who are in fact applauding their own courage in applauding a real live apologist for human atrocity? But the applause is likely to be of that special

(Continued on page 370)

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The Third World War

The Battle for Aerospace

JAMES BURNHAM

The test-ban treaty was the first step, they said; and now we are taking step two: an agreement that neither side will arm orbital vehicles with nuclear weapons. Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko made the proposal in a speech he delivered September 19 to the UN General Assembly. President Kennedy duly echoed it the next day, with the British Foreign Secretary tagging along in the customary manner. The Senate having had its feeble enough say on step one, there will be no treaty for step two. "Parallel declarations" from Moscow and Washington will put the pact on record.

There has been no fanfare about step two. We are being told that it is only "symbolic," with little practical importance. The military men, it is being reported, are not interested in orbital weapons anyway; they would be less manageable and less accurate than existing airborne and missile systems. No one has bothered to bring up the matter of "inspection." Each side is willing to trust the other, Scout's honor, no questions asked.

Public Ignorance

Just who is fooling whom, one wonders? The only thing sure is that the leaders of both governments are trying to fool their own and world public opinion. The public knows little about "orbital weapon systems," but the leaders know a good deal. And what they know, if they have been reading the studies by their strategists, is that orbital weapon systems will in all probability become strategically decisive in the 1970s. This means that in a certain sense they are already decisive: for the decisions on appropriations, research, development and experimentation that will determine the state of affairs in the '70s are being made now.

It is true that for the moment orbital vehicles seem to be inefficient carriers for nuclear weapons. Even now, though, it is possible to equip such larger craft as have already been orbited with nuclear devices. Moreover, accuracy is not important for all purposes: for example, the mass incendiary ("fire-raising") techniques or the electronic blanketing effects which are within the capability of the high-yield weapons that the Russians have tested.

Tomorrow is Today

Armament is always evolving, and under modern technological conditions the rate of evolution has become very rapid. The use of aircraft in World War I was marginal, but Billy Mitchell contended, correctly, that control of air space would become strategically decisive in a future war. Immediately following World War II, nuclear-armed manned aircraft systems become the strategic key to the world power equilibrium. We are now in a transitional phase in which a "mix" of manned aircraft and ballistic missiles are dominant, with the relative weight of the missiles steadily increasing. But even now, before we have yet entered the phase of full missile priority, the early elements of succeeding orbital and aerospace phases are present.

In fact, the battle for "close-in" space—"aerospace," as it has come to be called, where some traces of air still remain—has already been joined. No weapons have yet been orbited (so far as we know), but weapons are by no means the only military instruments. Orbiting satellites are *presently* carrying out two exceedingly important military missions: reconnaissance (intelligence) and communications. As they become more effective in these missions, counteraction by the military commands will become probable. Before long we may expect a renewed campaign in the UN against "spy satellites"; and somewhat later a "U-2 incident" involving interception of a reconnaissance vehicle.

Both the Russians and we have already achieved manned orbiting vehicles (Vostok and Mercury). Various sorts of more flexible manned craft are in development. Orbiting platforms, manned and unmanned, perhaps of some size, are within technical range. Manned moon trips and moon landings are scheduled. Pilot forms of new early warning systems based on satellites are in the sky. Some of the best ideas for defensive systems exploit orbiting devices.

How the Strategists See It

In his excellent study of *Conflict in Space* (St. Martins Press, 1962), M. N. Golovine sums up:

> It is an interesting thought that an orbital conflict of the type described would be oddly reminiscent of feudal wars in the Middle Ages. The mass of the population, allies and even 'uncommitted' nations, will be the burghers and villeins, helpless spectators of the clash of machines in space, without any possibility of influencing the final outcome. . . . The winner of the space war would . . . be in a position to dictate terms not only to the losing side but to all its allies and 'uncommitted' nations. In fact, a World Government would be created, but bearing little resemblance to the Utopian dreams of those who seem to be constitutionally unable to comprehend the grim realities of twentieth-century Power Politics.

In a speech last July to the Air Force Historical Foundation, Senator Goldwater quoted the Deputy Chief of Staff of the Air Force Systems Command to the precisely same effect:

> Assume, for example, that one nation over a period of time builds in great secrecy and then suddenly launches an overwhelming force of spacecraft that have significant offensive bombing and interception capability. Assume that elements of this space-alert force are over-flying the second nation at all times—in fact, they are patrolling its skies.
>
> Under these postulated conditions the second country's strategic retaliatory power is to a significant degree pre-empted. The initiation of nuclear war in response to such a patrol force would seem unlikely. Yet the political-psychological impact of such a space-borne force on the leadership and populace of the second nation would probably cause fundamental accommodation of its national objectives to those of the first nation.

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The Riddle of Pope Paul VI

Is he a man of the Left? A brilliant analysis of his first months in office shows why it is Paul VI is fast becoming *Papa non grata* with the Left

ALICE-LEONE MOATS

The Communists, Socialists and other assorted left-wingers who were wildly enthusiastic about Cardinal Montini are rapidly losing their enthusiasm for Pope Paul VI. Almost immediately after his election it began to dawn on them that it had been a mistake to believe the anti-Montini propaganda put out by the ultraconservatives. For the first time in many years, the Left has been hoist with a petard constructed by the Right!

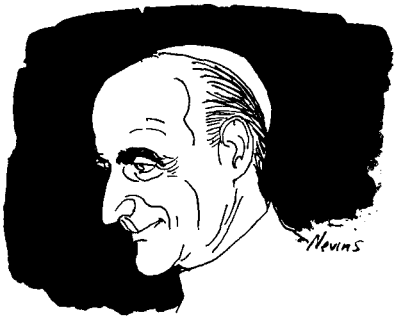
L'Unità, the organ of the Italian Communist Party, joyfully hailed the elevation to the throne of St. Peter of "the workingman's archbishop," "the man who typifies the progressive group of the Roman Catholic hierarchy." It triumphantly announced that the election of Montini represented the overthrow of the "extremist" group led by Cardinal Ottaviani.

Only four days later, *L'Unità*'s editor-in-chief sounded a note of alarm. In a front-page article he spoke of the new Pope's subtle and intransigent Catholic culture, his severe and cold manner, his aristocratic tastes, his typically bourgeois family traditions, his long diplomatic career limited to the Curia offices, and came to the conclusion: "The election of Montini represents the contrary of that 'revolutionary' or, at least, 'exceptional' choice which alone could have fully satisfied the public."

A priest who says Mass on Sundays at a church in a Red quarter of Rome, reports that little boys of six and seven tell him, "I don't like this Pope. He follows the Pacelli line and I liked the Roncalli line." In view of their ages, the children can only be parroting what they have heard their parents say at home.

In public, however, the Communists are far less outspoken. Even though the conviction is growing that they can no longer use the Holy See as an *instrumentum regni*, they contine to hope that they were right when they thought Montini was their man or, at any rate, that by means of flattery, threats, propaganda, misrepresentation, they can *turn* him into their man.

For the moment, they are proceeding cautiously and abstaining from open criticism of the Pope. The order seems to be, "Play up the positive; play down the negative." The Pope's praise of John XXIII is invariably given wide circulation; his equally glowing praise of Pius XII is hushed up. There were cheers on all sides when Paul VI in his first radio address expressed the intention of re-opening the Ecumenical Council. Here was immediate proof that he meant to follow in John's footsteps! Nobody cared to reflect that Montini understood better than any other highly placed churchman the need for a Council. During his last years, Pius XII neglected the bishops. When they came on their *ad limina* visits to Rome, they were kept waiting for weeks before being received by the Pope and then they were granted merely a formal audience. It was Monsignor Montini, in his position of pro-Secretary of State, who read the reports they sent in a year in advance and talked over their problems with them. Owing to the Pope's insistence on centralization, most of the problems remained unsolved, and Paul VI knows that they *must* be solved.



Whatever takes place at the Holy See to displease the Communists and their allies is either ignored or ascribed to the evil machinations of the Curia, that favorite whipping boy of the Left during the first session of the Ecumenical Council. Whenever Paul VI does or says something of which they can approve, he is applauded for carrying out policies formulated by John XXIII.

The present strategy is to keep building up the myth of John XXIII, created with Madison Avenue techniques during his lifetime, and to downgrade Pius XII as a kind of Catholic Stalin. This is to convince the public that only a Pope who conforms to the Roncalli line can promote peace, strengthen the Church by adapting it to modern times, placate its enemies by winning the affection and admiration of non-Catholics, agnostics and atheists. But the principal object of the exercise is to frighten Paul VI into becoming a carbon copy of John.

Pressure on Conclave

This strategy was put into operation while John XXIII lay dying. On the second day of his death agony, I overheard a conversation at the Vatican press office between two left-wing Italian journalists and the correspondent of an American news magazine who were discussing how the accounts of the Pope's last hours should be handled. They agreed to go in for the full sob sister treatment, exaggerating the size of the crowds in St. Peter's Square, magnifying the grief of the people, posing weeping women for photographs, quoting touching statements from the "man in the street," and so on. Everything was to be done to build up enough pressure on the cardinals at

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the Conclave to force them to vote for a man who would be a rubber stamp of Roncalli.

The Left continued to follow the same strategy after Pope John's death, sure that it would succeed. The first sign that it might not be going to work came on June 19, during the mass of the Holy Ghost which preceded the Conclave. Monsignor Tondini, the Secretary of the Briefs to Princes, read the *De Eligendo Pontefice* address which, by tradition, draws the ideal picture of the next pontificate. In almost every detail it was the exact reverse of the pontificate of John XXIII!

Sede Vacante *Speech*

In theory, the Secretary of the Briefs to Princes is free to express his own opinions during the *sede vacante* period when nobody is in authority at the Holy See; in fact, his speech invariably reflects the compact attitude of the cardinals. For those who cared to understand, the signal had been given that the conclavists were once more going to obey the Church's historic and prudent law which prefers alternation to continuation.

However, most people on either side of the political fence, on hearing that Montini had been elected, took it for granted that the cardinals had chosen a Pope who in no way resembled the picture sketched in the *De Eligendo* address. Then the clamor died down, and they began to have second thoughts and asked themselves, for instance, how it happened that Cardinal Ottaviani could have looked positively radiant when he appeared on the balcony of St. Peter's to announce that Giovanni Battista Montini had been elected Pope if that election represented a devastating defeat for Ottaviani and the Curia.

Next, Vatican experts studied the make-up of the Sacred College and realized that it would have been impossible for Montini to be elected on the third ballot if he really were, as he had been billed, the standard-bearer of the radicals. The members of the College of Cardinals who knew him best were the 31 belonging to the Curia and they would have voted in a bloc against any one they considered a "leftist." The remaining 49 were an insufficient number for a majority, even if they had all been Liberals, which was not the case.

The publicity given to the conflicts of opinion that broke out during the first session of the Ecumenical Council, the excited babble about Right, Left and Center, caused people to overlook the fact that the "liberal" members of the Sacred College were very much in the minority. A Vatican prelate who moved around a great deal among the cardinals before the Conclave, says, "They all agreed that Pope John had performed a prodigious and necessary service by stirring the Church up, setting it on the march again. Nevertheless, a great number of them felt that his work had been interrupted at the right time, that any further surge forward would have carried the Church into practically unsustainable positions, or would have forced it to swerve too far from its historical lineaments and de-catholicize itself most imprudently."

When all of these factors were taken into consideration, it became obvious that the most logical hypothesis as to what had taken place at the Conclave could only be that progressives and conservatives had chosen Montini because he was a moderate who, with his great diplomatic skill and thorough understanding of the problems of the Church, would be capable of reconciling the opposed concepts that exist within it.

'Leftist' Label Deceiving

On closer inspection, Pope Paul's reputation as a "leftist" turned out to have been founded on a very flimsy base. The label had been pinned on him partly by Milanese industrialists because he wouldn't play their game, and partly by other Italians with ultra-conservative views for whom any one who recognizes the changes that have taken place since the Industrial Revolution is a dangerous radical. They paid no attention to Cardinal Montini's reiterated statement that, "The social doctrine of the Church has never denounced the function of private enterprise," because he added, "provided that this does not damage human dignity and the legitimate aspirations of those who take part in the productive process."

So, both sides deceived themselves, and they lapsed into a state of complete bewilderment as soon as the real Montini began to take shape under the white robes of Paul VI. Politicians, newspapermen, Vatican experts who had been so sure they held the key to Montini's character were forced to admit that the key didn't fit. It was recalled that even John XXIII who knew him well and should have understood him, had been heard to refer to the Archbishop of Milan as, "Our Hamlet Cardinal."

Unlike John XXIII

Paul is an infinitely more complex man than his predecessor. Very restrained by nature and through his training in the Curia, he doesn't reveal himself to the public by word or gesture. He is already the despair of journalists, since he provides no material for human interest stories —the best that could be done along that line in the newspaper biographies published after his election was that he liked to climb trees when he was a boy and had once carried a suitcase for an old lady.

When I asked a Monsignor who has been on close terms with him for more than thirty years and who saw Montini on the average of twice a week when he occupied the position of pro-Secretary of State, "Would you say that you were friends?" He answered, "No. I don't believe that he has ever had what you would call friends. In spite of his exquisite courtesy, he is far too reserved and his manner is too distant. Nevertheless, he has the ability to inspire affection."

"He doesn't seem to know how to smile," I remarked.

"That's true, but he knows how to laugh. He has an excellent sense of humor and a very sharp wit."

The Monsignor, who is an intransigent anti-Communist, went on, "There can be absolutely no doubt that the cardinals at the Conclave chose the man who was head and shoulders above them all. He is a man of deep piety with no bigotry. A brilliant diplomatist, with a remarkable political sense, he is also a fine administrator. He has method and charity. An excellent judge of men's capabilities, he is sure to put the right man in the right job even if he doesn't like him personally. He can't be flattered, can't be swayed by either praise or criticism. He will never become the captive of either the Curia or the politicians; and I don't think the Communists are going to find it easy to use him as an instrument. He once told me, 'There can

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be no accommodation between the Church and the leaders of world Communism. We must not forget that the Communists won't be satisfied until they have destroyed the Church.'"

So far, he certainly hasn't given any indication of willingness to reach an accommodation with the Communists. When in the first week of his pontificate, they tried to pull the kind of trick that had worked so well during the last one, he cracked down on them with speed and decision. Tass put out a garbled translation of the Pope's telegram in reply to Khrushchev's congratulations on his election and it took the Vatican only twenty-four hours to issue the correct text—a speed record in an organization that prides itself on moving slowly.

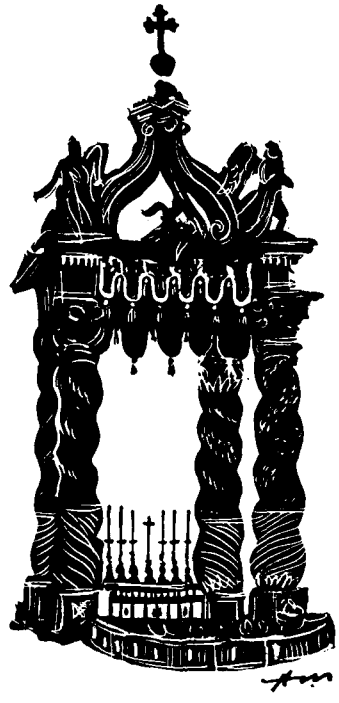
On August 2, Radio Vatican broadcast a long editorial containing such unambiguous statements as, "Marxism and its political expression, Communism . . . are beyond redemption; they are inadmissible not only for Christians but for all free and conscientious humanity . . . no international situation exists, no distinction exists, no historical pretext exists, which could justify any indulgence, any conciliatory attitude towards Marxism and Communism. Marxist Communism is the antithesis of Christianity, the negation of liberty, of truth, of justice and of peace . . . it is necessary to be intransigent towards Marxist and Communist ideology. The more subtle and equivocal its tactics of penetration, the more intransigent we must be."

The Press and Paul VI

In many newspapers all over the world that picked it up there were attempts to soften its impact. The Rome correspondent of the *London Daily Express*, for example, commented, "This attitude sounds strange after the friendly terms of Pope John's Easter Encyclical in which Mr. Khrushchev was listed as one of the 'men of good will.' It doesn't necessarily mean an about-turn by Pope Paul. Vatican Radio often puts out the view of the Church's Curia, which is not necessarily that of the Pope."

The *Newsweek* correspondent failed to file a story on the broadcast because he was told at the Vatican press office that it didn't reflect the opinion of the Pope, or of any other important personage at the Holy See. And yet, only a few days later, the *Osservatore Romano*, which directs the Vatican press office, published an article very similar in tone.

A member of the editorial board of Radio Vatican to whom I went for clarification on this peculiar incident, said, "In the first place, at the Holy See people do not make statements on their own initiative. In the second, the editorial notes we use are either given to us by the Secretariat of State or are written here and then handed in to the Secretariat for checking and approval. In this particular case, the Holy Father asked



for a transcript and after reading it over several times, sent his personal congratulations to the author."

From another source, I learned that an order had been issued from on high to Radio Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano* and the bishops to undertake a program of clarification of John XXIII's encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*, which has been so distorted by Communists and left-leaning politicians as to create confusion in the public mind. Every paragraph is to be interpreted so that its real meaning will become clear.

On September 6, the Pope made a speech at a conference on pastoral action, saying, "Do not think that this pastoral solicitude . . . signifies a change in the judgment of errors diffused in our society which have already been condemned by the Church, such as Marxist atheism. To try to apply quick and salutary remedies to a contagious and lethal disease does not mean any change in one's opinion of it. It means trying to combat it, not only in theory but also in practice."

Still watching and waiting, *L'Unità* passed this one up also. But it finally exploded when *L'Osservatore Della Domenica*, replying to remarks made by Khrushchev's son-in-law, Adzhubei, about his audience with Pope John, dared to write, "A new *Realpolitik* of the Marxist brand has to be dealt with. The Kremlin's directorate has taken notice that moral forces and especially the Church . . . have a weight that cannot be overlooked. Thus, it is wise [for the Soviets] to take them into consideration, to study them, to seize every excuse that situations offer and turn them to advantage. It is this motive that brought Mr. Adzhubei before John XXIII."

Tactics of the Left

L'Unità's diatribe against the article in the Catholic magazine contained the accusation that the *Osservatore Romano*, Radio Vatican and various ecclesiastical groups had embarked upon an anti-Communist crusade. There were references to the renewed anathema pronounced on Marxist atheism by the episcopate of Tuscany; to the vigorous protest made in a sermon by Cardinal Wyszynski against the Polish Government's persecution of the Church, to a pilgrimage of 500 Slovaks from western Europe and America which had furnished an excuse for many prelates to utter laments on the "Church of Silence."

"Play up the positive, play down the negative" continues to be the tactic of the Left. But the many surprises and shocks it has received have made it uncertain as to just what is positive and what negative. If John XXIII had called in the members of the Curia to announce his intention of instituting some reforms in the governing body of the Church, every left-wing newspaper in the world would have splashed the news across the front pages and come out with exultant editorials. When Paul VI did it, the hosannas were muted. His speech was too full of praise of the Curia for comfort, and it demonstrated too openly that he means to

(Continued on p. 370)

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A Farewell to Der Alte

They called him The Old One even then, when he took office. But the Germany he leaves behind is young, vigorous and firmly in the Western camp

ALISTAIR HORNE

It is almost as hard to think of a Free World without that impassive Red Indian mask as it was for Frenchmen in 1715 to think of a France in which there was no Louis XIV. After fourteen years of highly personal rule — the longest of any elected Western leader in this century—he has come to be regarded as a fixture on the European scene. He has seen the coming and going of three U.S. Presidents, four British PMs, three Russian despots, and a swarm of Frenchmen. When he was first elected in September 1949, JFK was a young unknown in the House of Representatives, not quite yet old enough to be eligible for the Senate; the West had just won and lost the Berlin Airlift; Mao was completing his conquest of China, and Korea was still to come; Africa had not yet been handed back to the tribes; the H-bomb had not been invented and sputniks still belonged to the realm of science fiction.

On that first of his four successive elections as Chancellor of the Federal Republic he was already 73 —older than Macmillan will presumably be at the time of his retirement from No. 10. He had never been outside Germany until he was 75, the age at which Bismarck retreated finally into the shadows of Friedrichsruh. The fact that he is one of the few Germans alive today who can remember Bismarck's Reich is in itself an illustration of the remarkable span over the rise and fall of German fortunes covered by this one lifetime. Born just five years after the Franco-Prussian War, which first placed the Germans in their position of ascendancy in Europe, he grew up in the Wilhelminian era, the summit of Germany's pomp and power. The First World War came when he was already approaching middle age. Then came the humiliation and chaos of Weimar, followed by the Nazis, who locked him up, and the seemingly total *Götterdämmerung* of Germany in 1945.

But it is the period from 1949 onwards that has seen the most remarkable of all the fluctuations in German — and European — history during Adenauer's lifetime. The dark days that followed the rape of Czechoslovakia, when it seemed that nothing could save the rest of the Continent from Communist domination, and the one bright spark of the Schuman—de Gasperi—Adenauer entente that was to kindle the hopes of a European resurrection, both appear today about as far away as Charlemagne. In our minds the recent image of the awkward authoritarian old man refusing to make way for a successor submerges the memory of the desperate struggle for the soul of Germany in the early '50s, and obscures the realization that without Adenauer this struggle would in all probability have been lost—and Europe with it.

Awkward and authoritarian he has certainly been. As a foreign correspondent freshly arrived in Germany in 1952, I remember the first Adenauer anecdote I heard which told how in a Cabinet meeting Blücher, Adenauer's mild-mannered Vice Chancellor, raised his hand to make a point. Repeatedly he was ignored, until Adenauer finally turned on him and remarked acidly; "Herr Blücher, you should know by now that you do not have to seek my permission if you wish to be excused." He has devastatingly snubbed his Dauphin, Professor Erhard, characterizing him "a rubber lion." Yet none has excelled him in the wise delegation of detail. He has more than once shocked Liberal opinion abroad by his "undemocratic" treatment of the press, by his persistent refusal to purge ex-Nazis and Dr. Globke from the Civil Service and by his handling of the Strauss Affair. Yet it was Adenauer who pioneered the bill to pay reparations to Israel for the crimes of Hitler, and the fact that democracy in West Germany today is probably at least as healthy as anywhere else in the West suggests that he has been more susceptible to public opinion than his foes would allow.

Power Within Limits

For the first four years of his reign, Adenauer was also his own Foreign Secretary, and personally conducted all the crucial negotiations with the Allied High Commissioners; at the 1957 elections he scored an even larger majority than Hitler in 1933, and it is certainly true that all along no other Western leader prior to de Gaulle has ever enjoyed such a concentration of power. But on major issues—and in sharp contrast to de Gaulle—Adenauer has rarely abused it. As Terence Prittie, the *Guardian*'s Bonn correspondent, wrote a few years ago: "In his foreign policy Dr. Adenauer has been ac-

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cused of a certain inflexibility, but it has been an inflexibility within carefully reasoned limits and with exactly defined objectives."

The three great characteristics of Adenauer have been his immovable faith, his simplicity in stating it, and his good nerves. As long ago as 1952, he declared: "My policy is, and remains, directed towards the United States of Europe." Almost invariably he prefaced his speeches "*Ich bin fest überzeugt . . .*" ("I am firmly convinced. . ."). The great years of Adenauer were 1949-55, and it is difficult for anyone who did not live in Germany during that time to visualize just how neurotic the Germans were or how menacing the pressures upon them from all directions. The ravaged country was epitomized in the person of Adenauer's arch-opponent, Schumacher the Social Democrat—one-armed, one-legged, tragic, hysterical. It was Adenauer who guided it through the hair-raising narrows of the mass unemployment resulting from the almost total destruction of industry; through both German and French reluctance to ratify the abortive EDC treaty (after making the West wait 27 months, France finally rejected it in circumstances remarkably similar to her cavalier treatment of Britain's application to join the Common Market), through the successful inclusion of a free and independent West Germany within NATO; through Stalin's establishment (in 1952) of a "death zone" along the Interzonal Frontier to bring home to the German public the realization that signing up with the West would mean the permanent division of Germany, accompanied by kidnapings, organized defections, and maximal Communist shows of power within West Germany; through neo-Nazi revivals, attempts to splinter the Christian Democrats *à la* Weimar, all manner of neutralist blandishments; through revanchist urges for re-acquisition of the "Lost Territories" at any cost; and through the delicate negotiations over the Saar that once and for all exorcised this hobgoblin plaguing Franco-German relations. It is unlikely that anyone with less excellent nerves than Adenauer could have done all this.

Ancient Hostility Overcome

It would also be difficult to exaggerate the debt West Germany owes to Adenauer's strong nerves for the saneness and balance of its political scene today, which few but the most hardy optimists would have predicted after the Nazi cataclysm, as well as for restoring her reputation in the eyes of the world. But the lasting monument that History will erect to Adenauer's works seems certain to be his reconciling of France and Germany. For almost half a century this has been his ideal. Probably only Adenauer with his unshakable faith and patience of Job could have overcome French suspicions of the hereditary enemy, and fears that association with Germany would bring Frenchmen to "*mourir pour Königsberg.*" Critics have charged Adenauer's single-minded pursuit of this ideal with imposing a lopsided foreign policy on the Federal Republic, and in Britain there have been justifiable doubts that he may not have been an entirely honest broker as far as British entry to the EEC has been concerned. All this however pales in historical significance alongside the ending of the ancient and murderous Franco-German hostility, an ending without which the Common Market could never have come into being.

For his steadfast resistance to the Russians in the dangerous years of 1949-55, History will acknowledge Adenauer to have been one of the West's strongest leaders; but the rapprochement of Gaul and Teuton, and the foundation of the EEC may well cause him eventually to be rated as *the* great statesman of the postwar period; the only one to have engineered a constructive, as opposed to merely a defensive, grand design.

The People Demand to Know

JOHN BRENNAN

Reliable sources are asking if Jomo Kenyatta plans to out-Lumumba the late Lumumba if given the opportunity. Where do Gichuru and Mboya stand in this power struggle? Are they right or left of Kasavubu, Mobutu and Mboya? What does Kwame Nkrumah think and will he side with Gizenga?

Tettegah is rising in power and Krobo Edusei has plans. Komla Gdembah will be hard pressed to stop them. Sekou Touré watches with a jaundiced eye. Habib Bourguiba scans his borders closely.

Meanwhile in Zanzibar Muhsin Barwani and Abrulahman Mohammed buck Abeid Karume who may tie in with Tanganyika's Nyere. Shall the balance of power eventually center in Maniema, Bakongo, Kwango-Kwilu, Lualaba, Katanga or Sankuru Lomami? Has Ouagadougou been heard from? Ruanda-Urundi, Kivu and Uganda must speak. Has Kitona any more right to be heard than Bakwanga, Bukavu, Kitwit or Lusambo?

Suppose Kasavubu, Bourguiba, Nkrumah and Gichuru form a coalition to oppose Mboya, Barwani and Abrulahman. Can Chimonyo remain silent or must he join Touré, Edusei and Gdembah? Or will the picture change with Gdembah, Bourguiba and Gichuru thwarting the plans of Barwani and Nyere? Is Chimonyo the only sane voice in Africa?

Meanwhile Coquilhatville is tense but Coquilhatville is no tenser than Inongo. Kalonji promises peace but the Osagyefo of Ghana eyes Addis with suspicion. Ilyushins hover over Nairobi and Cape Guardafui is concerned. What is the answer?

The answer may be to emancipate Kwango-Kwilo and Sankuru-Lomani and allow them to follow Mboya, Kasavubu or Kwame Nkrumah. Or Kwame Nkrumah should bow to the opposition and make peace with Krobo Edusei, that is, presuming the trouble wasn't with Komla Gdembah in the first place if at all.

Let's stop ignoring the citizens of Lusambo. Would they rather be in Maniemba or is Kwango-Kwilu close enough? Is Gichuru really Japanese? Is Abrulahman related to the famed Umbrella Man?

Why is the Administration silent on these vital issues? Is G. Mennen Williams still over there or isn't he? Why hasn't this mess been explained in clear logical terms? The people demand to know.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Modernization and Ruination

There have been times when a great rebuilding not only was necessary, but produced much beauty. Such was Wren's reconstruction of London after the Great Fire; such the emergence of eighteenth-century Dublin; such the rise of baroque Rome upon the wreck of the sacked medieval town.

Kirk

But in a time and a land where most new building is shoddy and ugly — where the very concept of style is forgotten — the demolition of every handsome building, of any edifice with a history, is a terrible loss. Just that destructive process, commonly in the name of Progress, is at work in nearly all the world today. In this spirit, I offer you some reflections upon the uglification of Scotland and Spain.

The old town of Perth, at its splendid site on the River Tay, once was the handsomest and most interesting city of Scotland, after Edinburgh. But ever since the Second World War, the civic "progressives" have been at work upon it. Perth's latest victim is the seventeenth-century building in the High Street which housed J. Barlass, Ironmongers, a prosperous business that had held the premises for a century and a half. This charming shop had the finest bow windows in Scotland—made from timber floated down the Tay, late in the seventeenth century, for that express purpose. It was a high pleasure to look upon. Recognizing that they have destroyed something unusual, the authorities are preserving the shopfront in a Perth museum—but are replacing the building, and its venerable neighbors, by a nasty and rather shoddy "modern" complex.

There can be small excuse for this vandalism, since the High Street is flourishing, and the buildings were in good condition. But doubtless several people will make money out of the contracts for demolition and construction. Nearly as bad as the effacing of the building is the extinction of an old family business with many historical associations. The family of Barlass took their name from the girl who, vainly endeavoring to save the life of James III, thrust her arm into the bolt-brackets of the king's door, to do duty for the stolen wooden bar. The assassins broke the lass's arm and slew the king, but Perth has always remembered her courage —until 1963.

A town in which there exist no landmarks, no memorials of the continuity of civilization, is a sorry place to live—even when it is clean and neat enough, which most of the "modernization" projects do not long remain. The imagination withers in such an environment. The present moment —a boring enough moment—becomes everything; and people forget to provide for the future, as they have cast away their heritage of the past.

And Spain Follows

Iconoclasm of one sort or another has been powerful in Scotland since the sixteenth century, so one is not altogether astounded that many Scots continue to smash their own civic beauty and charm. Yet we might expect something else in Spain, governed by a regime dedicated to tradition, and as a nation long resistant to radical change.

Readers of this page may recall earlier observations of mine upon old Palma de Mallorca, capital of the Balearics, where Christian and Moslem cultures met, once a city of soft splendor, and still highly interesting. Well, Palma has not been uglified quite so badly, perhaps, as has much of the Spanish Mediterranean shore—all the way from the Costa Brava to Alicante—during the past six years: nevertheless, in Palma the pace of speculative innovation is such that, as things are going, this historic and unique city will become a very shoddy imitation of Miami Beach.

In Palma, literally hundreds of new hotels spring up, to attract such distinguished visitors as Mandy Rice-Davies. As the quaintness and quiet of Palma are destroyed, there will be less and less reason for anyone to visit Mallorca, so that the tourist boom may work its own undoing quite abruptly. Meanwhile, the housewrecker and the jerry-builder proceed to render unrecognizable what was one of the glories of Mediterranean civilization.

The most unabashed recent vandalism in Palma was the blowing up of the chief bastion of the medieval city wall, by a speculator who had acquired the site with a view to building a hotel upon it. Because the city wall is listed as a Spanish national monument, this wretch has got himself into trouble, and just conceivably the bastion may be rebuilt.

There is afoot in Palma what amounts to a conspiracy to defeat all benevolent checks upon architectural profiteering. This design, with the backing of certain people in office, is a quiet plan for building skyscraper hotels and apartments along the entire bay-front: buildings fifteen or twenty stories in height only a few meters apart, destroying the profile of the town, ruining the view from the older houses on the hillsides, and altogether contravening national laws and local regulations. An immensely broad road would run along the shore, a paradise for speeders, but a most dismal prospect for the people who live in Palma—and for any person of any taste.

Cities are not intended to be anthills profitable for the unscrupulous speculator: rather, they are places where men and women should live with some dignity and security. The destruction in Europe is more dismaying still, because here once existed classes and governments capable of guarding the outward signs of their national traditions. Some Scots are speaking up, nowadays, against the cult of the bulldozer as the evangel of Progress. Perhaps a few Spaniards may venture to oppose the internal barbarians that convert cities into blobs.

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The Conservative Miss McCarthy

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Satire, so one tends to assume, is what results when a person with a sure hold on his values decides to mock a world which outrages those values at every important turn. A conscious perspective is supposedly all-important: the satirist, by implication, must have his clear view of utopia, a private vision of perfection guaranteed to impart gusto and savagery to the assault on the knaveries of the comic villain or the shortcomings of the bumbler who is a veritable caricature of all bumblers.

Such assumptions and definitions are all very well, but what is one to do when they fail to net the fish? The case of Mary McCarthy offers a piquant commentary on the conventional thinking about satire. For here we have a young woman (one will always think of her as young as long as she retains her engaging insouciance and her killer instinct) who has written five satirical novels and a collection of shorter fictional essays in controlled malice without any conscious recognition of the disparity between her professed beliefs and the actual touchstones that give point to her ironies. Three of the novels—*The Company She Keeps, The Oasis, The Groves of Academe*—are first-rate in their candid and witty exposure of types of fashionable radicals; and the shorter fictions (see the purely fictional first half of *Cast a Cold Eye*) have the merit of sustained mood pieces carried out with a cauterizing detachment. Her new novel, *The Group* (Harcourt, $5.95) which is her most ambitious work, sometimes deserts satire for a straight realism that is infused with a surprisingly poignant tenderness, but insofar as it is a satirical story of what it was like to come of age in the New Deal decade it makes an implicit case for an older America that is not sustained when Miss McCarthy speaks in what she calls her "own voice." Another novel, *A Charmed Life*, which preceded *The Group* in point of writing, is full of incidental good things, but it must rank as an ambitious failure for the simple reason that the heroine (if that is the word for Martha Sinnott) never quite comes into focus. Yet even in *A Charmed Life* Miss McCarthy's fiction is living proof that one can be good, and sometimes very good, without quite being conscious of one's actual frame of moral reference. One can build better than one knows.

The Novels of Mary McCarthy

THE POINT is that Mary McCarthy's fiction, unlike that of her English opposite number, Evelyn Waugh, never achieves its force or meaning from her professed political orientation. Her utopia is never really brought to bear on her subject matter. And her conclusions follow, not from her romantic identification with Trotskyism (in an earlier phase) or with "libertarian socialism" (in a later), but from an unconscious application of far less revolutionary common sense. She achieves Waugh-like effects because, actually, she respects a rather traditional sense of personal morality. And it may be significant that she had a Catholic upbringing (see her extraordinarily interesting and revealing autobiography of her young years, *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood* [1957], which is in many ways her best book).

Mary McCarthy's third novel, *The Groves of Academe* (1952), is structurally her best. But, again, its satirical points make no visible connection with the author's professions about teaching and the proper stance for a good radical. Miss McCarthy's fictional "progressive" college, situated in the Mennonite country of Pennsylvania, is supposed to be "quite a bit like Bard." And in the *Paris Review* interview Mary McCarthy quite approves of Bard, where she taught courses in the novel in 1945 and 1946. Unlike Sarah Lawrence, where she taught in 1948, Bard was "very exciting." "The students were fun. The bright ones were bright. . . . I liked teaching because I loved this business of studying. I found it quite impossible to give a course unless I'd read the material the night before."

The "very exciting" aspects of Bard, however, do not bulk very large when Mary McCarthy is through transferring them to the fictional Jocelyn College in the Mennonite country. True, the rather impromptu courses are good for the Jocelyn teachers, who have to get up some new subject material every year or so in order to cater to the random choices of the students. But Jocelyn, as an institution, is a paradise for fools of a most shallow type. The plot of the book is dominated by the comic villainies of a professor who, rightly, should be unemployable in any institution of learning on quite evident grounds of incompetence. But Henry Mulcahy, to save himself from being dropped by President Maynard Hoar at the end of the year (there is no matter of tenure involved), manages to spread the word abroad that he had been, at one time, a member of the Party. The unappetizing Hen Mulcahy knows that, in the America of a supposed "conformist" Reign of Terror, it is actually safer in college circles to have been a Communist than not to have been one. For the ex-Communist becomes an automatic knee-jerk beneficiary of the code of "academic freedom"; no self-respecting college president would dare fire even the most incompetent "ex" for fear of losing caste as a Liberal. On the

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American campus, so Miss McCarthy is telling us, the Liberal creed has become the entrenched orthodoxy of the age.

Since the faculty members are mostly taken in by Mulcahy, it is certain that Mary McCarthy regards them as a most gullible lot. There is Domna Rejnev, for example, a Russian girl of twenty-three whose classic beauty has the quality "not of radiance or softness but of incorruptibility." Domna, who teaches Russian and French literature (she is a Radcliffe B.A.), is a "smoldering anachronism, a throwback to one of those ardent young women of the Sixties, Turgenev's heroines . . . who dreamed resolutely of 'a new day' for peasants, workers and technicians." Mulcahy, in fastening upon Domna to handle his problems for him *vis-à-vis* President Maynard Hoar, correctly estimates that this is a girl "who could very easily throw herself away." In short, Domna is admirable in every respect save one: she has no talent for judging character. Manipulated by the comic villain Mulcahy, Domna wrongs the very decent President Hoar. Other members of the faculty who take up for Mulcahy for one reason or another (his "sins of omission" are mere "technicalities," it would be a "vindication for the critics . . . of the rights of the dissident to teach" if he were to be fired) are just as remiss in their judgment of personalities. Yet these are the people into whose care the young of the land are being entrusted.

An artist with the rapier, Miss McCarthy is never clumsy with her thrusts. But no professional enemy of the egghead could be more severe on a group of doubledomes than is Mary McCarthy in her collective portrait of the Jocelyn faculty. These "brains" blow up trivia to monumental proportions, they vote for continuing the traditional "progressive" college February field period for the students, merely to save their own precious midwinter vacations. And when it comes to faculty manipulation of the curriculum on "behalf of the student Jocelyn's disorganized ways," it is not done with improved "individual instruction" in mind. What the teachers want is to be allowed the "pure nightly joy" of pursuing "the world's history down its recondite byways" under the "cover of duty." As Mary McCarthy sums up the "progressive" college, it is "the faculty, paradoxically" that profits from "untrammeled and individualistic arrangements, the students being on the whole too disorderly or lazy or ill-trained to carry anything very far without the spur of discipline."

So Mary McCarthy, the radical, satirizes the radical educational creed of the Deweyite generation. Though her onslaught may be unfair to the nubbin of truth in Deweyism, no "reactionary" could have criticized with more telling impact. Politically, the cream of the jest is that Mulcahy had never been considered by the Communists to be sufficiently reliable material for party recruitment. He has saved himself at Jocelyn by turning Senator McCarthy's technique of exaggerated accusation inside out, telling a lie about himself to make it seem that he is now a fit candidate for assuming self-righteous shelter

Random Notes

● Movies: Buster Keaton, the American Hamlet, was never exported in the days of his offhanded glory; Europe throughout the incumbencies of Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower went in perfect ignorance of the funniest human being since Marie Lloyd. The mistake has been rectified in Paris, and for all the flashiness at the Venice Film Festival last month, the real joy was in the showing of *The Navigator, The Three Ages, Our Hospitality, Seven Chances, Sherlock Jr., Go West, Steamboat Bill Jr., The Cameraman,* and *The General.*

John Huston's *Freud, The Secret Passion,* as it's now called, has opened in London without the blessing of the wizard's family, all of whom refused to come. . . . The Danes are throwing together a picture called *The Keeler Affair* with John Barrymore Jr. and Yvonne Buckingham. . . . Mark Robson is filming Jean Larteguy's *The Centurions* under the title *From Indo-China to the Gates of Algiers.* . . . Walt Disney announces for Christmas a new full-length animation, the first in a long time, *The Sword in the Stone,* about the Arthurian legends. The advance notices show some engaging critters indeed: a fright-wig, polka dot dragon, a wholly mad witch in high button shoes, and a walrus in bifocals.

● Prizes: The Wilkie Foundation has given Robert Ardrey, author of *African Genesis,* a grant to pursue his study of prehistory and prehistorians.

● Books: Announced for spring, a remarkable number of books by *NR* editors and contributors: *What Is Conservatism?,* edited by Frank S. Meyer, with essays by a dozen *NR* writers, including William F. Buckley Jr., Willmoore Kendall, John Chamberlain and Russell Kirk (Holt) . . . *Suicide of the West,* by James Burnham (John Day) . . . *Visions of Order,* by the late Richard M. Weaver (Louisiana State University Press) . . . *Conservatism and Freedom,* by M. Stanton Evans (Regnery) . . . *The Great Interlude,* by Francis Russell (McGraw-Hill) . . . *Carmina Archilochi: 287 Fragments of Archilochus,* translated by Guy Davenport, (University of California Press) . . . *Jack Johnson,* by Finis Farr (Scribner) . . .And, more immediately, for late November, *The Winning Side: The Case for Goldwater Republicanism,* by Ralph de Toledano (Putnam).

Add to the avalanche of reminiscences about Shaw: *G.B.S. and the Lunatic,* a record of his friendship with Lawrence Langner (Atheneum, $6.95). . . . Dutton announces for October a book about T. E. Lawrence by Victoria Ocampo, *338171, TE* ($3). . . .Horizon is re-issuing in facsimile Frank Lloyd Wright's early *Buildings, Plans and Designs* that made him famous in Europe before he was heard of in America (December, $65, pre-publication, $50).

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behind the Fifth Amendment. Bewildered by the martyrdom that Mulcahy has untruthfully manufactured to suit his political needs, the Jocelyn prexy decides that he himself had better resign. The whole fracas has been too much for President Maynard Hoar's uncomplicated sense of rectitude. Miss McCarthy has made it clear that "intellect," as represented by the Jocelyn faculty, is no synonym for intelligence. Evelyn Waugh, from his position on the Right, could hardly have had greater sport with the whole tissue of Liberal academic attitudes and beliefs.

THE MOST RECENT Mary McCarthy novel, *The Group*, is an extended contemporary history that could be taken as a satire on a Vassar education if it were not for the fact that the whole modern movement of ideas is the real villain of the piece. The eight Vassar girls whose paths continue to cross after graduation into the Roosevelt-tian world of 1933 are a mixed lot—and they provoke Mary McCarthy to some interesting implicit judgments that are revealed in subtle alterations in tone. There is a strong, steady note of pity when the author is dealing with Kay Strong, who can't admit to having made a bad marriage; there is tenderness in the portrait of Polly Andrews, an adorable and loyal woman whose values force a curiously respectful shift in the normally disrespectful McCarthy style; there is contempt in the bits about Libby MacAusland, who becomes a literary agent; there is good-natured dismissal of "Pokey" Prothero, a rather brainless daughter of a rich family that looks to its butler for guidance; there is fascinated horror in the revelation of the elegant "Lakey" Eastlake's Lesbianism; there is cool affection in the characterizations of Dottie Renfrew and Helena Davison and Priss Hartshorn Crockett, who might have lived very happily in the world of their mothers. Once again, the disparity between the touchstone of Mary McCarthy's innate common sense and her professed "libertarian socialism" is clearly on display.

Since all of Mary McCarthy's novels are the products of a keen, if somewhat unanchored, intelligence, it is hardly to be wondered at that she is her own best critic on occasion. The feminine novel, which is long on bric-a-brac, is not for Miss McCarthy; she insists on structure and idea. Her defense of Jane Austen cuts through the nonsense of those Janeites who think of Miss Austen as the progenitor of the Anglican teatime manner in describing things of purely feminine interest. As Mary McCarthy insists, Jane Austen is always possessed of an idea: *Sense and Sensibility* is a defense of the intelligence against the vapors of the romantic movement; *Pride and Prejudice* is a disarmingly playful sermon directed against both pride and prejudice; *Emma* is a warning against playing God; *Mansfield Park* shows that bread cast upon the waters will be returned some day; *Northanger Abbey* is directed against the habit of letting one's imagination run riot; *Persuasion* underscores the folly of not making decisions on one's own.

In assessing Jane Austen for what she was at a time when the novel was young, Mary McCarthy points the way to a comparably valid assessment of her own work now that the novel is older. *The Company She Keeps* is a judgment on the playgirl as romantic revolutionary; *The Oasis* is a preachment on the futility of political escape; *The Groves of Academe* insists that teaching should not be left to those who think that the discipline of "keeping school" is an outmoded Victorian prejudice; *A Charmed Life,* though its heroine is unmotivated, has something to say about the folly of rearing a marriage on doubt; *The Group* says that it is better for a woman to be a woman, but having a good man might help. Austenish novels, all of them, even though the bite and savor of Mary McCarthy is a far cry from Miss Austen's far gentler irony.

The animating force of Mary McCarthy's "lively natural style" (her own phrase) derives from an intransigent will to candor. She will have no idols beyond the idol of the writer as dedicated non-careerist and non-politician when it comes to practising his vocation. The defect of this insistence on purity is that it becomes self-conscious to the point of destroying compassion for compromising mortals. And so it is, in Mary McCarthy's words about herself, that "something happens in my writing—I don't mean it to—a sort of distortion, a sort of writing on the bias, seeing things with a sort of swerve and swoop . . . the description takes on a sort of extravagance—I don't know exactly how it happens. I know I don't mean it to happen." The "swerve and swoop," however, take off from accurate inventories of both the interior and exterior worlds—and there is always the deepening effect of the good classical education that has seemingly been limited to Catholic schools. The McCarthy style manages to incorporate acute and extended analysis without any slackening in narrative pace.

Selectivity combined with good syntax means that Miss McCarthy's style has all the traditional virtues. It is conservative in the best sense. As for the ideas animating Miss McCarthy's novels, they too are fundamentally conservative ideas. Still enacting the role of the revolutionary playgirl for that *Paris Review* interviewer, however, Miss McCarthy has —for reasons that have to do with intellectual fashion?—seen fit to deny her fundamental conservatism. She doesn't see herself as clearly as she sees Jane Austen.

This curious blindness does not matter much, for when Mary McCarthy deals with a specific problem in her fiction her impish and inimitable common sense always triumphs. The only problem raised by Miss McCarthy's continuing loyalty toward her friends of the "libertarian socialist" and "dissident" Left is the inhibiting effect it has on her choice of subject. If she moved in wider circles, she would have more important things to write about. As Emerson remarked of Thoreau, "Pounding beans is all very well to the end of pounding empires, but what if, at the end, it is only pounding beans?" Evelyn Waugh has pounded both beans and empires—but Mary McCarthy has yet to take on an adversary that is worthy of her scorn.

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The Snow Season

JEFFREY HART

FOR THESE WHO KEEP ONE EYE on fashions in culture, quite a bit of entertainment can be derived from the odd figures who are propelled before us, strut their brief hour, and then give way to the next performer. Each appears and has his say; the critics gravely establish their precise relationship to him; he is seen around at symposia; and then he is gone. Thus, we have had the Norman O. Brown season, the Beat season, the Norman Mailer season, the Leslie Fiedler season, the Paul Goodman season, and the C. P. Snow and James Baldwin seasons.

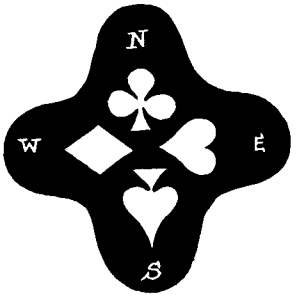
Literature and Science, by Aldous Huxley. Harper, $3.50

As it happens, I myself incline to a certain nominalism in these matters, but there are platonists of culture, attuned to the Idea, who have found all these seasons identical in essence, *viz.*: 1) America is a nightmare: secede from it (the Beats): 2) America is a vast fraud, and provides no work worth doing (Goodman); 3) America ruins your sex life and its culture is literally carcinogenic (Mailer); 4) America, as its literature shows, is incapable of mature sexuality (Fiedler); 5) America is guilty of psychological mass-murder, and all of its values have to be changed, only it's too late (Baldwin); and 7) unless either America or Russia gives up its nuclear weapons the world is certain to be destroyed; and the Russians aren't likely to give theirs up (Snow).

Something peculiar, however, happened to the C. P. Snow season (1961-2). Just as he was being puffed by the book clubs, touring the campuses as a pundit, debating with Sidney Hook on the atom bomb, and appearing, absurdly, at symposia on all matters, even as everyone, everywhere was discussing science and literature, suddenly, amid cries of anguish and outrage, the Snow season ended. Dr. Leavis had said no, and it was decisive. All that was left for the critics to do was establish their precise relationship to Dr. Leavis' *manners* (which in this case was rather like worrying about Dr. Johnson's manners in the Ossian controversy).

It is a bit surprising therefore, to find Aldous Huxley beginning his new book with the solemn question: "Snow or Leavis?"—as if that were a momentous issue—and, in the opening section, reviewing the "controversy" and proposing, in all seriousness to find a "middle way" between them. The brief Snow season, after all, was entirely the creation of what might be called Higher Publicity, whereas Huxley's book addresses itself to questions of moment, however mistaken it may be in some of its main contentions.

Literature and Science has good things to say on the differences in method and intention between science and literature, though none of what it does say is, it must be admitted, exactly news. Huxley is quite right in arguing literature is relatively more concerned with the particular and the



private, and that literature is in its most important aspect, an end in itself, whereas scientific knowledge, as Bacon saw, is a means to power. Huxley might, however, have given more thought to the interesting implications, political and cultural, of this distinction. As an end in itself, literature tends to encourage contemplativeness, whereas science has as its goal activity and effectiveness; from this it follows that they are congenial to different political and social programs.

In addition, though Huxley is fond of telling us that literature *purifies* "the language of the tribe," he neglects the valuable point that implicit in such purification is an act of *celebration*. Poetry, even when its subject is ugly, perfects and celebrates speech, just as the dance perfects and celebrates our movements in walking and running.

The book has a polemical point to make, however, which presumably is the main reason for its existence. Huxley recommends to modern writers a more intense involvement with science, arguing that "Whether we like it or not, ours is the Age of Science," but that a "spiritual Iron Curtain" exists between science and literature. According to Huxley, modern literature has neglected science in two ways: it has not drawn on science and technology for its subjects, its language, or its metaphors; and, more importantly, it has insulated itself from the scientific view of reality. Both of these charges are quite false.

To take the second one first. If science has abandoned the older mechanistic world-view and considers the observer a participant *in* reality (Relativity) rather than a passive observer of it, and if this, with all of its implications, constitutes the "revolution" of modern science, then all that one can say is that this is precisely the point of view of our classic modern writers. Bergson, Kafka, Joyce, Yeats, and Eliot know as surely as Einstein or Heisenberg that reality must be grasped through man and not despite him, that reality is a process in which man participates. As a matter of fact, it is not even *science* that discovered this world. As Whitehead has shown, Wordsworth was there first.

Indeed, it would be most surprising if such a spiritual Iron Curtain as Huxley describes really did exist between science and literature. There is, after all, a kind of unity to periods of culture. The philosophy of Descartes and the science of Newton were as "classical" as Pope's poetry or Burlington's architecture. The fact that they were aspects of a common culture was far more important than any conscious "influence" that might have operated. Huxley, indeed, seems to misconceive the nature of influence as that operates in literature, and to suppose that a poet's work will be cut off from the scientific view of reality unless he takes the trouble to read up on it. The fact is that the modern writer, like the modern scientist, participates in the modern consciousness whether he wishes to or not, though modern writers, like scientists, exhibit legitimate differences on questions of value and ultimate meaning.

As for the other charge, that modern writers have failed to draw upon science and technology for their subjects and for their language, here too

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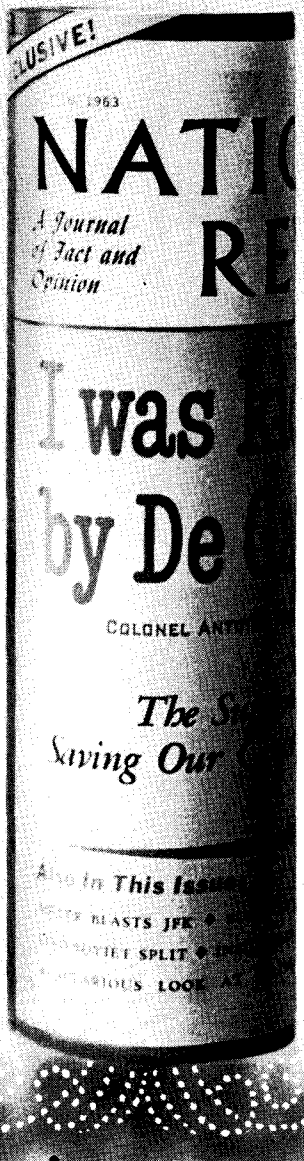

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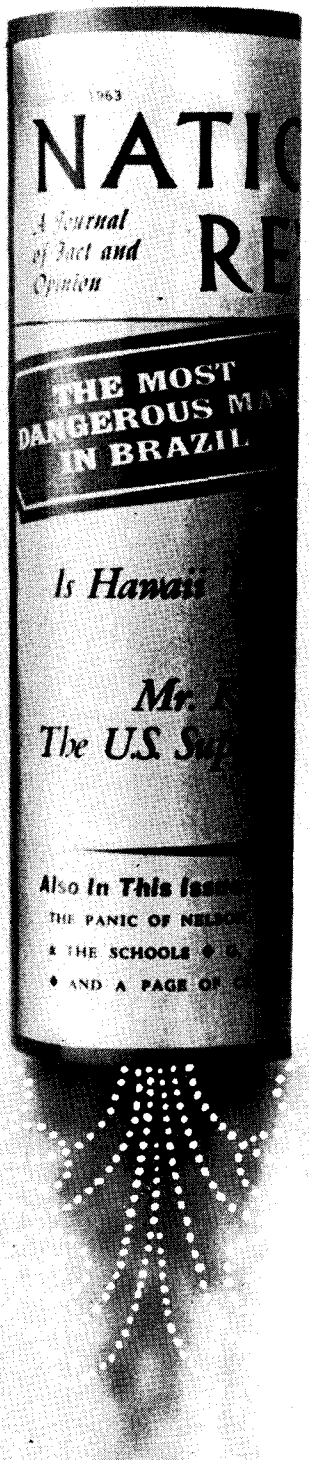

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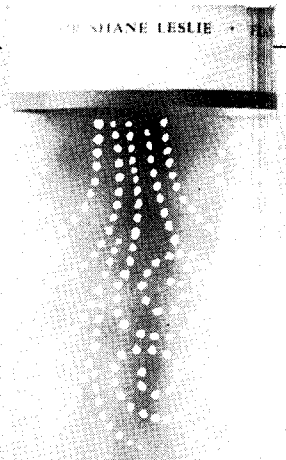

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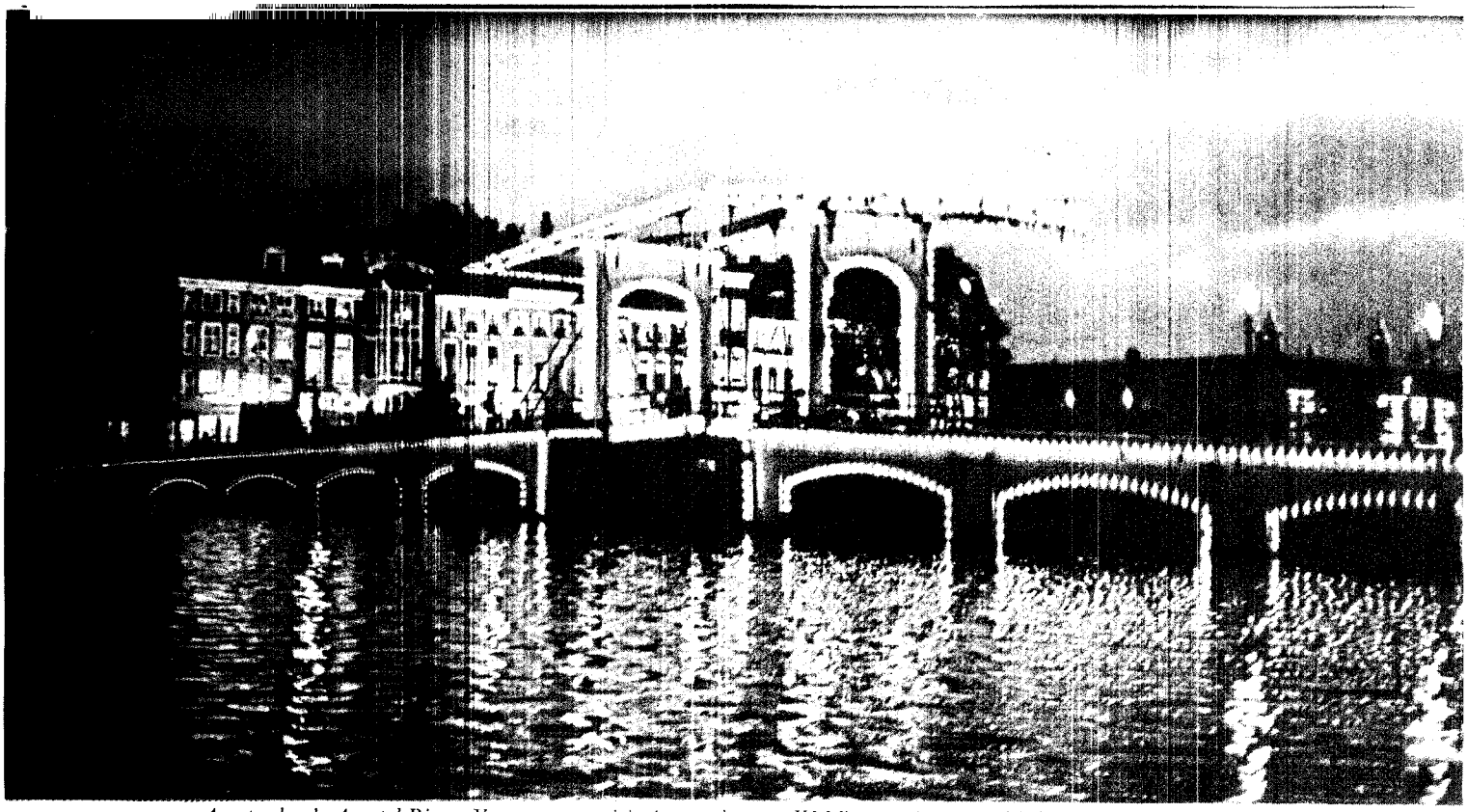

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Huxley is on very dubious ground. Has he read *The Magic Mountain,* or considered the use of anthropology and psychology by Eliot and Joyce? Hopkins wrote that the grandeur of God "will flame out, like shining from shook foil," and Gerontion muses upon Mrs. Cammel and others being "whirled beyond the circuit of the shuddering Bear/ In fractured atoms." Prufrock's evening is spread out against the sky "like a patient etherized upon a table," and Grishkin's "friendly bust . . . gives promise of pneumatic bliss." Hart Crane wrote of "the sky's acetylene," and of "keen instruments, strung to a vast precision" that "bind town to town and dream to ticking dream." One can only suppose that Huxley, impressed by the power and prestige of science, has been tempted to lecture modern writers, and even, here and there in this book, to bully them a bit, without paying proper attention to the nature of modern literature.

Fiction

A Novel to (of all things) Enjoy

AUBERON WAUGH

A NEW NOVEL BY MURIEL SPARK is to be approached with caution, as one might prod with one's umbrella at an escaped lunatic brandishing a razor, sure that something ex-

The Girls of Slender Means, by Muriel Spark. Knopf, $3.95

citing will result, but not sure that it will be entirely agreeable. This time, in *The Girls of Slender Means,* people seem to get off more lightly than usual. Perhaps recognition and deserved success have mellowed Mrs. Spark. I hope not. There are quite enough writers around these days who are anxious to give us the benefit of their mature, considered judgments and mellow dispositions and far too few with the wild, unhappy surmise of childhood. But *The Girls of Slender Means* does not really give rise to the fear that Mrs. Spark has joined the ranks of the grown-ups.

It is set in the time between the victory in Europe and the defeat of Japan. The arrival of the atom bomb and the Labor victory in the British General Election make exactly the amount of stir one would expect in the civilized surroundings of a young ladies' residential club in London.

"What do you make of this new bomb? Do you think it's only propaganda stuff?" asks an old clergyman.

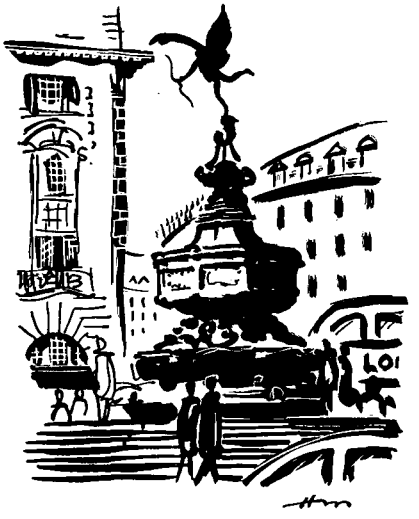
"I don't know, sir."

Elsewhere, a woman is stuck trying to climb out of a window. "Hurry up. Tilly's crying her eyes out."

"As well she might, seeing Labor have got in."

That deals with those two matters, and the book can get on with its business, of far greater moment in the lives of all concerned.

The Girls live in a curious establishment founded by Princess May of Teck for young ladies who are obliged to reside apart from their families in order to follow an Occupation in London. Some of them are good, others bad. The sweetest and the best is Joanna Childe, of whom the Club was proud "because she was so well-built, fair and healthy-looking, the poetic essence of all tall, fair rectors' daughters who never used a scrap of make-up." She alone dedicates her life to chastity and good works; needless to say, she comes to a sticky end.



She teaches elocution as her Occupation, which gives Mrs. Spark the opportunity to dot irrelevant pieces of verse around the book in the pretense that they can be heard emanating from Joanna's room. So in addition to a novel we have a short anthology of verse for the same money. As Mrs. Spark's choice is invariably excellent, nobody can complain, and it helps to create the atmosphere of ethereal remoteness which is apparently an essential part of life in a young woman's hostel.

The story tells how the smooth life of the hostel is disturbed when Jane Wright, an ugly but sharp girl who makes a living working for a demented publisher and writing letters to famous authors in her spare time, introduces Nicholas to the slenderest of the girls on the roof, and then witnesses the catastrophe which overtakes the May of Teck Club, in which the noblest girl perishes. As a result he becomes a Catholic missionary, in which capacity he is promptly hacked to death by pagan savages in Haiti.

Life has to go on, and these two deaths probably explain why it can never be so enchanting afterwards as it was in the blissful days of the May of Teck Club. Whom the Gods love. . . .

There is a third death—I defy anyone to produce a good novel without at least three deaths—but that is rather by way of making the quota than adding anything important. In a description of the popular rejoicing on V-J night, we are reminded that all can never be gas and gaiters. As the girls of the May of Teck Club demonstrate their joy at our victory by mingling, in the excitement of the moment, with people from all walks of life in St. James's Park, they witness a seaman murdering his mistress in the crowd. Perhaps it is symbolic of something. I hope not. As a throw-off line it seems perfectly convincing, and demonstrates that however appropriate the occasion for merriment there will always be a few people who will spoil it all by going too far. Outside the gilded haven of the May of Teck Club there were people, particularly among the lower orders, whose pleasures invariably took coarse forms.

THE NOVEL does not center around the soul of the young poet, whose soul could never be a matter of great interest in any case, nor around that of the beautiful Joanna Childe. Hers is never in doubt. Souls don't come into it much, in fact. All that really matters is the beauty and charm of the girls' little society. Mrs. Spark even has to destroy the hostel. In this she

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seems to be apologizing for the fact that it does not really stand up to reality, and this seems a pity—not that it should not stand anywhere it wants, but that she should feel the need to apologize and explain why there are no May of Teck Clubs in contemporary life, no Joanna Childes and no Nicholas Farringdons.

In her earlier novels, she pays no such tribute to the demands of critics. *The Comforters* has a woman with enormous breasts who simply ceases to exist when she is alone. *The Ballad of Peckham Rye* has a man with horns growing on his head. No ruthless realism there. *Memento Mori* has a disembodied voice on the telephone. In *The Black Madonna* a progressive, forward-looking couple unaccountably gives birth to a black infant. It adds nothing to the plausibility of the world described to be told that it no longer exists, and Mrs. Spark is far too skillful a writer to need to play on the raw nerve of nostalgia in her readers.

That niggling bit of criticism over —and a critic has to justify his thirty cents somehow—I should make my conviction plain that the book, even by Spark standards, is a masterpiece. Nowadays one does not expect to enjoy a book, but to improve oneself and gain insight into certain approved subjects. If anyone can still bear the idea of having their self-improvement and insight adulterated by pleasure, they should try this book to see what it feels like.

A Celebration of Tradition

HARRY V. JAFFA

Rationalism in Politics is a collection of ten essays composed during the ten years preceding 1962, seven of them having appeared previously. The author holds the chair in political science at the London School of Economics once occupied by Graham Wallas and Harold Laski. His tribute to his predecessors in his Inaugural Lecture—revised and reprinted here under the title "Political Education" —is warm and graceful. He remarks that they "were both great teachers, devoted, tireless, and with sure confidence in what they had to teach," adding "it seems perhaps a little ungrateful that they should be followed by a sceptic; one who would do better if only he knew how."

Rationalism in Politics and Other Essays, by Michael Oakeshott. Basic, $6.50

At first glance it would seem that no two men could have been further apart, in their temperament, political convictions, and influence, than Oakeshott and Harold Laski. Yet the position Oakeshott occupies as an academic eminence in an age of resurgent conservatism, in an age of unflappable traditionalism presiding over the disintegration of traditions, is not unlike the position once occupied by Laski on the Left. Oakeshott is not only a distinguished scholar but, through his writings and his students, an important influence. It is with much justification that the dust jacket pronounces these essays to be "by Britain's leading conservative political thinker," and that they "analyze the roots of our modern distemper."

The modern distemper is Rationalism. By Rationalism (with a capital R) Oakeshott means modern rationalism, "the most remarkable intellectual fashion of post-Renaissance Europe." While on its surface it may, he says, reflect "the light of rationalisms of a more distant past," it is its own distinctive quality with which he is concerned. It is, then, the peculiar quality of the reformers of the world, those inspired by Bacon and Descartes, from the Age of Cromwell to the Age of Lenin, to which Oakeshott takes powerful exception.

Yet it is exceedingly difficult to know how the errors of the reformers may be avoided or corrected, because Oakeshott never deals directly with their arguments. His shafts are presumably directed equally at seventeenth-century English republicans, at the French Revolutionists, at the more theoretical advocates of parliamentary reform in the nineteenth century, certainly at the utilitarians, and of course at all socialist reformers of the twentieth century. That there is a common quality to all of these is what Oakeshott sup-

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poses, just as he seems to suppose that what unites them is more important than what divides them. His manner of dealing with them, however, is rather the manner of an English character writer of the seventeenth century, whose inspiration was from Theophrastus. Consider this characteristically literary presentation of the Insufferable One:

> At bottom he stands (he always *stands*) for independence of mind on all occasions, for thought free from obligation to any authority save the authority of 'reason.' His circumstances in the modern world have made him contentious: he is the *enemy* of authority, of prejudice, of the merely traditional, customary or habitual. His mental attitude is at once sceptical and optimistic: sceptical, because there is no opinion, no habit, no belief, nothing so firmly rooted or so widely held that he hesitates to question it and to judge it by what he calls 'reason'; optimistic because the Rationalist never doubts the power of his 'reason' (when properly applied) to determine the worth of a thing, the truth of an opinion or the propriety of an action. . . . But besides . . . he is something also of an individualist, finding it difficult to believe that anyone who can think honestly and clearly will think differently from himself.

This is extremely clever writing, and the reader of this review is advised that there is a great deal more like it in the volume. But it is caricature, and the absurdity of the figure caricatured depends upon the standard of truth in the eye of the beholder. The present writer would have no hesitation in smiling at the foregoing when he thinks of the New Frontiersmen, and their assaults on all forms of "conventional wisdom." But this characterization, or much of it, could be taken to apply as well to the author of the *Discourse on Method*. Much of it could also, for that matter, be applied to Socrates himself and, in fact, was so applied in Aristophanes' *Clouds*. Nothing in Oakeshott approaches—indeed, the comparison is unfair—the lampooning of rationalism in that ancient work.

The opposite of the Rationalist is the man who is conservative. (There is no Conservative, with a capital C.) "To be conservative . . . is to prefer the familiar to the unknown, to prefer the tried to the untried, fact to mystery, the actual to the possible. . . . Familiar relationships and loyalties will be preferred to the allure of more profitable attachments; to acquire and to enlarge will be less important than to keep, to cultivate and to enjoy. . . ." I think all of us can, in reading such lines, apply them aptly and approvingly. Still, one's evaluation of preservation, in comparison with acquisition, depends to a considerable extent on whether he is poor or rich—and why. To prefer the familiar, the tried, and the actual, we must at least find them tolerable, and great revolutions do occur, and sometimes rightly occur, when these are believed to be intolerable.

What Oakeshott celebrates above all, is the virtue of tradition. He is certainly no reactionary, he believes in change, and celebrates the conservative manner of accommodating to change. Still, he does not, as far as I can see, tell us how to

evaluate a whole tradition. All political life consists of political actions. Every political action is intended either to procure something good or to avoid something bad. We cannot, however, act to procure or preserve what is good here and now without some idea, however approximate, of what is simply or unqualifiedly good or bad.

Our tradition may embody enough of what we believe to be good so that we think it foolish to risk the good we already possess to gain something better. But our ability to make such a judgment still depends upon an idea of the simply good society, as distinct from what we have. "All men seek not what their fathers had, but the good," said the greatest of all conservatives, Aristotle. I fail to discover in Oakeshott serious consideration of the problem of the founders of traditions, and without this I find myself at a loss to know how he would deal with the question of the direction of change within one.

The task of interpreting Oakeshott is, however, extremely difficult. One reason is that, while he celebrates the immediate, the particular, the idiosyncratic, his writing, as we have seen, deals mainly with types, and the argument about these generalities is itself extremely abstract. Perhaps more revealing is the fact that there is no political discussion proper in any of these essays. That is, he never shows concretely the conservative or anti-Rationalist way of doing something.

One feels, sometimes almost desperately, that a single political example would be worth a thousand arguments. Not only is there no concrete political discussion, but the most enlightening things Oakeshott does say are drawn from the non-political arts and sciences. There is an extremely amusing discussion of bloomers as "rational dress." This is followed by an illuminating consideration of cooking, and the uses of the cook-book (it is useful only to someone who is already a pretty good cook). Best of all, I found, were his various considerations of the methods of the scientist.

It seems to me that Oakeshott's fundamental presupposition is that tradition operates upon the political community to give it direction, in the same sense that the "tradition," *i.e.*, the methods, of the world of science guarantee progress in scientific knowledge. In short, given the *true* political tradition, which I believe Oakeshott thinks his world possesses, progress is guaranteed *if* we do not allow remote, abstract, utopian ideas to interfere with the steady solution of proximate problems. In this, I find it hard to distinguish Oakeshott's position from John Dewey's. In a note at the end of his essay on "Political Education" Oakeshott says that his enterprise is "a further stage in [the] intellectual pilgrimage" of John Stuart Mill, when Mill abandoned "general principle either as a reliable guide in political activity or as a satisfactory explanatory device," putting in its place "'a theory of human progress' and what he called 'a philosophy of history.'" But Mill's philosophy of history was a late nineteenth-century form of the same rationalism and op-

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timism of which Descartes was the exponent, and founder, in the seventeenth century.

The belief in progress, which Oakeshott seems to share with Mill, and with all modern Liberals, is the necessary and sufficient justification for his decrying the utility, or even the relevance, of independently premeditated ends. In this, if I read him rightly, the wheel of his argument comes full circle.

Merchants of Death

FRANCIS RUSSELL

BY THE NATURE of things I have to go to more funerals than most people, for I happen to belong to a small Canadian Legion post most of the members of which are veterans of the First World War. This is the season of their dying off. They were demobilized from the army to bad times, and so came south to the United States. Canada having experienced a boom after World War II, there was no second migration, and the few recent members of our post are mostly Americans like myself, who in their quixotic younger days wanted to join a foreign army. So I now help bury my elderly comrades.

The American Way of Death, by Jessica Mitford. Simon & Schuster, $4.95

Always the night before the funeral there is a big gabby get-together at the appropriate funeral home. Usually the uniformed comrades meet for an informal reunion on the sidewalk outside before filing solemnly into the viewing room where the late comrade is plumped out in his coffin among the rayon-satin cushions like a monstrous baby in a bassinet. We march past, and each of us pins a plastic poppy on the chest of the departed. The air is heavy with the scent of roses and the more pungent underlying odor of embalming fluid. I have never yet seen a coffined comrade who remotely resembled the man I knew. With glued eyes, mouth stitched into a smile, lacquered face, rouged cheeks and painted mouth, the thing resembles more than anything else a shoddy wax puppet.

Aesthetically, as well as from any religious point of view, the whole dumb-show is indefensible. But what I have always found most objectionable in such grotesqueries is the cost. Most of the Canadian Legion comrades are workingmen whose savings are small, and the tab for this involved process of moving them from the hospital morgue to that corner of a foreign field that is forever Canada is rarely less than two thousand dollars. This is where the bulk of their savings and small insurance money goes. And since the undertakers' lobby is at least as powerful in Massachusetts as anywhere else, the boys in black have the legal first claim on any estate. Until they are paid in full, not even the widow gets a cent.

CORPSE fetishism has become an American way of life or, as Miss Mitford in her most engagingly macabre survey of the processes more aptly calls it, *The American Way of Death*. It is a book that deserves a place on the shelf between Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* and Aldous Huxley's *After Many a Summer*. She has laid bare the whole ghoulish paraphernalia of the death trade from the coffin selection come-on to embalming, slumber rooms, eternity wardrobes, the super-salesman "pre-need" exploitation of cemetery lots, and finally the allied flower ramp (many newspapers will not take funeral notices that say Please Omit Flowers). It is my hope that her book will prove a blockbuster for the whole death industry, particularly since, in the appendix, she gives a nationwide list of burial societies that *are* a practical answer to America's most self-respecting racket.

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corpse-swabbing has always seemed a pariah occupation. But like most engaged in a dubious trade, undertakers have long had an itch to appear respectable. By a process of self-hypnosis they have almost convinced themselves over the years that they are professional men, on a level with doctors, lawyers, and, particularly clergymen. Not content with being undertakers, they assumed the more august title of mortician (thanaturgist was one they slipped up on). When mortician began to seem too akin to the lubritorium of the filling station, they switched to being funeral directors. Now they are in the process of transition to funeral consultants.

Along the cypress way they have enriched the language with slumber room, derma-surgeon (embalmer, to you), caskets and eternity beds. They have even absorbed the jargon of psychiatry with "grief therapy"—which means you'll feel a world better after you see the derma-surgeon's adaptation of Uncle Oscar in his eternity bed. As for the cost of the ritual, according to a trade journal, "a funeral is not an occasion for a display of cheapness. It is, in fact, an opportunity for the display of a status symbol which, by bolstering family pride, does much to assuage grief.... It seems highly probable that the most satisfactory funeral service for the average family is one in which the cost has necessitated some degree of sacrifice. This permits the survivors to atone for any real or fancied neglect of the deceased prior to his death."

That cost, according to Miss Mitford's reckoning, averages $1,450 for each American funeral. Gold dust thou art! That makes two billion dollars a year for our 1.7 million annual deaths, more than is spent for all higher education. Part of the reason is that there are just too many undertakers. Like "realtors," they are easily drawn to what is essentially a cream-skimming trade. And because the undertakers must meet the fixed costs of their tinsel establishments, they have price-rigged it among themselves so that they are able to charge four or five times what their gaudy services are worth.

UNDERLYING it all, however—and this Miss Mitford has not pointed out—is the ambivalent American attitude toward death that goes much deeper than the bizarre ritual of the funeral

How Russia Stole the Atom Bomb

THE GREATEST PLOT IN HISTORY: How the Reds Stole the A-Bomb. By Ralph de Toledano. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce; $4.95)

Superlatives often are out of place but one would not want to quarrel with Ralph de Toledano's description of the theft of the A-bomb as the greatest plot in history. The awful implications of the A-bomb itself and how it changed the course of history are enough for this. But it is not generally known to what great lengths the Russians went to obtain the secret and how the Soviet spy net reached out in incredible ways to snare those who could contribute tidbits of knowledge of the bomb and how it was made.

The author has done full justice to a matter of surpassing interest. In one book he has pulled together the many threads of the Soviet espionage apparatus and gives a composite picture of how the Free World's greatest secret was obtained.

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There is an awful lesson in the stark facts of the theft of the atomic weapon.. As the author makes clear, the security involving the hush-hush work on the atomic bomb was unbelievably insecure. The Federal Bureau of Investigation, for example, was not called in until the theft had been accomplished. The theft itself was not enough for the Russians; in other ways, the author points out, they sought to influence American policy so that work on the thermonuclear weapon would not be carried out.

Mr. de Toledano's book may not make for pleasant reading. But it is a gripping recital and the reader, once picking up the book, will be reluctant to put it aside as successively the author traces the stealthy work of Klaus Fuchs, the Rosenbergs, Henry Gold and many others involved in the plot.

—CECIL HOLLAND

(Reprinted from The Washington Sunday Star.)

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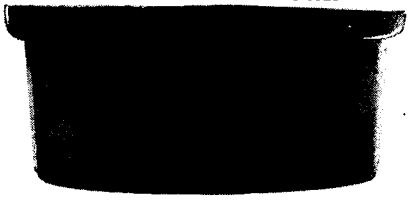

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parlor. Faced with the ultimate there are two classically opposed attitudes. The Romans inscribed on their tombstones the initials signifying: I lived —I died—I am not. The Christian belief that a man's vital essence survived the grave resulted, nevertheless, in an attitude toward a corpse similar to the pagan's. It was a worthless husk. But Americans seem caught in a limbo where there is neither belief nor disbelief. Hence the public-relations faith in faith, the ponderous pieties of the Eisenhower years. For the modern American it is better by far to deny death than to face it, to pretend that the forever pickled "loved one" will dream unendingly pleasant dreams in his eternity bed protected from seepage by a Clark grave vault. It is this denial of the obvious, this insistence that the corpse is still the man that results in such indecent gestures as digging up the putrefying bodies of American soldiers to send them thousands of miles back home instead of letting them rest decently where they fell. It is on this shame that the undertakers have run up their obscene superstructure.

When I was a child I remember reading with horrified fascination Hans Andersen's tale of the eleven swan princes, and their sister who had to go to the graveyard at midnight to gather the nettles that she must weave into shirts for them so that they could regain their human shape. There in the churchyard she would encounter the Lamias who came to dig down into the new graves with their long fingers and eat the flesh of the dead. Only after reading Miss Mitford's book was the symbolism clear to me. Those Lamias were the original funeral directors.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PARNASSUS CORNER, by W. S. Tryon (Houghton, $7.00). This learned and gossipy book, bound like a Ticknor and Fields volume, is about the publisher of Ticknor and Fields volumes, James T. Fields, and about that "Parnassus Corner" in Boston where a Brahminical cult of art met with the Yankee instinct for a dollar. Fields worked himself up to his controlling partnership, insured that his books got good reviews by writing the reviews himself (under pseudonyms), and generally acted as if the one path up Parnassus were called Madison Avenue. In 1855, the Boston *Traveller* rebelled, and published the fact that all Ticknor advertising had been withdrawn as the result of a bad review given a "silly legend of aborigines" called *Hiawatha*. Down in New York, Horace Greeley took up this crusade for a free press, and had the free press in arms for revealing that reviews had hitherto been dishonest. Fields loved it—Longfellow's poem sold 10,000 copies in four weeks. In 1861, Fields became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* — a job which Lowell, his predecessor, said was "no bad apprenticeship or prelude for that warmer and more congenial world to which all successful publishers are believed by devout authors to go." Under Fields, the bankrupt *Atlantic* prospered as well as "the Scribes and Pharisees of *Harper's*." It blossomed into a union-flag cover, with "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" inside, and a conscience that would not allow Hawthorne to refer to "Uncle Abe." And of course the *Atlantic* ran excellent reviews of Ticknor books. To prevent the pirating of good stories, Fields worked out a plan for simultaneous publication with the editor of London's *All the Year Round*. Since that editor was Charles Dickens, Fields also found a way to corner the Dickens market in America. And Dickens, who had as keen a nose for the pound as Fields for the dollar, got his first American royalties. Madison Avenue has its uses.

G. WILLS

MEDICINE AND THE STATE, by Matthew J. Lynch and Stanley S. Raphael (Thomas, $9.75). The authors, two practicing physicians, devoted their free moments during six years to this book, an inquiry into federal (or centralized, or socialized) medical care. More than 400 pages of staggering analysis and documentation, an exhaustive index and 70 statistical tables tell the story of state medical care in Austria, Britain, Germany, Australia, the Soviet Union, New

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Zealand, and Sweden, in a factual and deadpan style that leaves the advocate of medicare pinned to the wall and quivering with nothing but a vague urge. In one country or another medicare has been tried for a century or so, and it just doesn't work; as the authors show in the final section of "appraisals," it doesn't work for the patient; it doesn't work on the vital and disease statistics; and it does positive harm to the medical profession, medical science, and the general economy. If that isn't enough, medicare is an engine of tyranny: "The whole social insurance structure [in pre-Hitler Germany], and its sickness division in particular, was a natural, ready-made network for the spread of Nazi influence and control. Of this aspect the Canadian parliament's committee on health insurance stated in March 1943: 'During the early years of Hitler's regime, the government's medical programme was looked upon by many observers as one of the greatest props of the totalitarian state.'" In the ten years 1948-1958, we built 658 new hospitals in the U.S. In the same period not one hospital was built in England and Wales. It's federal, it's medical, but it's not care.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

BERLIN AND THE FUTURE OF EASTERN EUROPE, edited by David S. Collier and Kurt Glaser (Regnery, $6). This is an illuminating survey of the Cold War struggle in Europe (and of the pivotal position of Berlin in deciding the final outcome) gleaned from a Foundation for Foreign Affairs symposium last year in Chicago. The contributors are agreed on the strategic necessity, not merely of defending West Berlin against Soviet encroachments, but of pressing forward for the liberation of East Berlin and East Germany, preliminary to the liberation of all Eastern Europe. As Col. William Kintner points out, the unrest of the satellite nations, properly exploited, is a major weakness of the Communists. To avoid defeat, the West must capture the initiative from Moscow by encouraging that unrest and aiding the captive peoples when they reach the nodal point of action. All the essays gravitate toward this central point, and all are good. Particularly noteworthy are Kintner, Eugene Davidson and Jerzy Hauptmann on Polish-German relations, and Stefan Possony on the virtues of nuclear "proliferation" among the NATO countries. Perhaps most striking of all is Gerhart Niemeyer's thoughtful reflections on achieving victory over Communism, and on what to do with it once achieved: "We pursue not the annihilation of the framework of peoples' lives, but, rather, the total defeat of a force hostile to human sanity and social order everywhere. It is precisely because we seek to negate the negators that we have a right to aim at total victory."

M. S. EVANS

THE LAST OF THE INCAS: THE RISE AND FALL OF AN AMERICAN EMPIRE, by Edward Hyams and George Ordish (Simon and Schuster, $6). Mr. Hyams is a viticulture crank who writes for the *New Statesman* and the *Financial Times*; Mr. Ordish does pest control for the United Nations and is said to be an expert on the Pre-Columbian civilizations. Their book is built around the neat Liberal homily that we are all headed into the predicament of the Incas, who thrived on minimal resources (here we must add the know-it-all prediction that everything is running dry) at the cost of "personal freedom as defined in the Western world and of such wasteful luxuries as 'private enterprise.'" The authors also assume, through what suspicion God knows, that Mesopotamia was a Socialist state. At least they are guileless in equating from the start Socialism and totalitarianism, and in maintaining a poker face while asking belligerently what might be so bad about a nice jolly tyranny. Terribly efficient, and all that. It's high time a little scepticism pondered the contrary proposition that "a tightly organized society" (our authors' phrase) is not efficient but wasteful, and as wasteful of human spirit as of material goods. The historian must interpret according to his insights, and we are the richer for it; but to bring along a soapbox disguised as an historian's desk and propagandize therefrom is shoddy.

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To the Editor

Eichmann and the Jews

Mr. Ernest van den Haag has ably raised some important issues of the Eichmann case [Aug. 27], but he is wrong to argue that Eichmann was only morally, not legally guilty. What Eichmann did to bring about the killing of Jews was murder, punishable by death or imprisonment, under the laws of Germany, Hungary, France, and every other country where he and his staff operated. On this essential point the new laws of Israel, under which he was tried, are similar to laws which he knew to be in existence when he flouted them.

The erroneous premise on which Mr. van den Haag would have acquitted Eichmann is that "Hitler's orders had the force of law." No doubt Hitler and Himmler and the other Nazi leaders willed that the laws against murder should not be invoked to protect Jews (and gypsies). But that was mere lawlessness and does not relieve them or their henchmen from the guilt of murder. A court that is free and honest never admits that any person or persons, however powerful, can be sovereign in the sense of placing themselves above the law and disregarding it whenever they please. Like ordinary gangsters, the Nazis arrogantly thought they could get away with it. If they were innocent, so is any lawbreaker who believes he is in no immediate danger of arrest.

To be acting under orders is no legal or moral excuse for crime. Indeed the perpetration of a great crime hinges on the willingness of underlings to take part. Eichmann was certainly willing. The moral or psychological causes of his depravity —why he wanted a career in the SS, why he worked so hard to send Jews to their death, etc.—do not mitigate his guilt.

Eichmann's judges were human, and in their handling of such an immense case they may sometimes have erred or overlooked a point. But in substance they did him full justice.

Binghamton, N.Y. SAUL LEVIN

In his review of Miss Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, Mr. van den Haag compares the acts of an Eichmann, who masterminded the genocide of millions of men, women and children, with those of Allied pilots who bombed the cities of an enemy which had launched an aggressive war against their countries. If there is any validity to this comparison, the victim of an attack who defends himself is as culpable as his attacker; the Jews who rose up to defend themselves in the heroic Warsaw Ghetto battle and in dozens of other ghettos throughout Eastern Europe are as guilty as their murderers, and the members of any threatened group do not have the right to attempt to resist, in the way in which Miss Arendt and Mr. van den Haag castigate them from their lofty heights for not having done. In a word, according to these learned folk, society has made no progress since the beginning of the Christian Era or before it; there is no such thing as a criminal, in either the legal or the moral sense; and Adolf Eichmann knew no wrong and did no wrong.

Chicago, Ill. BERNARD SPIRO, D.D.S.

Mr. van den Haag Replies:

Mr. Levin and I agree: Eichmann might have been guilty under the laws of the various countries in which he operated. But he was tried exclusively under Israeli law, which, I pointed out, was *post factum*. More important, the Nazis were not ordinary gangsters, who violate the law, but the very people who make it. Hence their underlings did not usually have to "violate the law." To think of Nazis or Communists as "gangsters" is not to realize what kind of menace to civilization they are.

Mr. Spiro attributes to me the foolish notion that the victim who defends himself against an attacker is as culpable as the attacker. He does so by comparing the justified actions of the Warsaw Jews against the Nazi troopers to Mr. Truman's sending atomic bombs against Hiroshima, inhabited exclusively by civilians, largely women and children, albeit Japanese. Hiroshima did not attack us as the Nazis did the Jews. I think my analogy, which compared Hiroshima to the ghetto and stressed that our pilots carried out a morally unjustifiable action, is more correct. (Certainly the motives and rationale of Truman and of the pilots are comparable to those of the Nazis only in this one respect, but here the analogy fits all too well.)

New York, N.Y. ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

To end this Eichmann business once and for all, you might quote a German statesman on a murder trial:

"In such a case, I see no sense in a long trial, with all its formalities, to study the question of responsibility or irresponsibility. In my view, whether responsible or not, the author of that crime should disappear."

The "statesman" was Adolf Hitler, of course, and he made this comment during dinner on August 2, 1941

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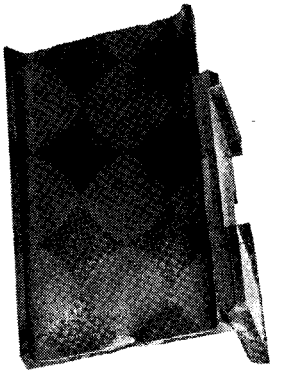

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(*Hitler's Secret Conversations*, New York, 1953). He had remarked the night before that "we have a clean, incorruptible administration, but it's also too punctilious . . . overorganized . . . Our functionaries fear initiative more than anything else." He found nothing to say "in praise of bureaucracy."

Et tu, Hannah?

Princeton, N.J. EDWARD TENNER

Freedom, Virtue, Etc.

In his analysis of Brent Bozell's essay William F. Rickenbacker [Sept. 10] deduces that the ultimate question asked by Mr. Bozell is whether freedom is an *a priori* requirement for virtue, and answers, "As long as virtue consists in a willed movement towards God, the only *a priori* requirement is the existence of free will." It is here that the whole school of Augustinian thought must gasp in wonder, for it is here that both Mr. Bozell and Mr. Rickenbacker fall into error.

The whole order of grace is involved, or rather denied, in Mr. Rickenbacker's answer, and Mr. Bozell's slight regard for the requirement of freedom. It is true that the existence of free will is necessary for any act of virtue, in fact without free will it is impossible for men to be virtuous, but it is not the only *a priori* requirement. Man must also be moved to that act of virtue by grace, and herein lies the paradox: man is free to move towards virtue, but must be moved by grace.

Mr. Bozell, in denying freedom its true role as a means to an end, would leave man in a position where the full acceptance of this grace would be almost impossible. If man is moved to go to church, there must be a church for him to go to.

Woodside, N.Y. TIMOTHY A. MITCHELL

No Kidding

In a recent column Mr. Buckley said: "It is questionable that Franklin Roosevelt ever coined a quotable phrase, and he'd have as soon lost an election as confess that he did not himself sweat over the production of every epigram that flowed out of the White House during his tenure."

I found that interesting because most people do not know the lineage of FDR's most famous pilfered epigram. I can hear him now, in his nasal tenor, declaiming that "the only

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thing we have to fear is fear itself."

It so happens that Francis Bacon said that in the seventeenth century, and before him it was said by one of the philosophers of ancient Greece.

Philadelphia, Pa. AMELIA LOMBARDO

You recall the famous "Ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed." Kennedy just requoted it, attributing it to FDR. Yet these words were written over fifty years ago by H. G. Wells, in his book *The Days of the Comet.* (The statue of Roosevelt in London has this quotation engraved on it.)

"The disinherited third." Lovely phrase. It also comes from that very same book. The book is a paean to "our new saints," Marx and Engels. It is a violent attack on Christianity, too, and frequently calls for guillotines and barricades and "liquidation" of the "rich" opposition to the Communist heaven, and the suppression of the Christian faith.

I do think NATIONAL REVIEW should reveal these facts, and not let the Great Fraud be credited with the words, however much he may have admired them, of H. G. Wells.

Buffalo, N.Y. TAYLOR CALDWELL

Goldwater's Millions

Mention by you [Sept. 24] of the "Gold for Goldwater" plan, which has brought "inquiries" from 24 states, would seem to justify informing your readers about the "Millions of Americans for Goldwater," with backers already in over forty states and growing like a prairie fire all over the country. Detailed information can be had by writing to Millions of Americans for Goldwater, P.O. Box 5745, Amarillo, Texas 79107.

Their idea is simplicity itself. You deposit a sum of money with a savings bank using a conditional agreement in triplicate whereby, on July 31, 1964, the bank will pay the deposit, with interest if any, to the Trustee of M. of A. for G. to be turned over to the Senator's campaign as he directs, *if he is nominated and accepts the nomination.* If he is not the GOP standard-bearer, the deposit reverts to you.

But a word of caution: this, and other plans like it, should be strictly treated as complementary to, and not a substitute for, the very important local Goldwater money-raising plans for state organizations and primary campaign purposes.

Amarillo, Tex. KEN ROBERTSON

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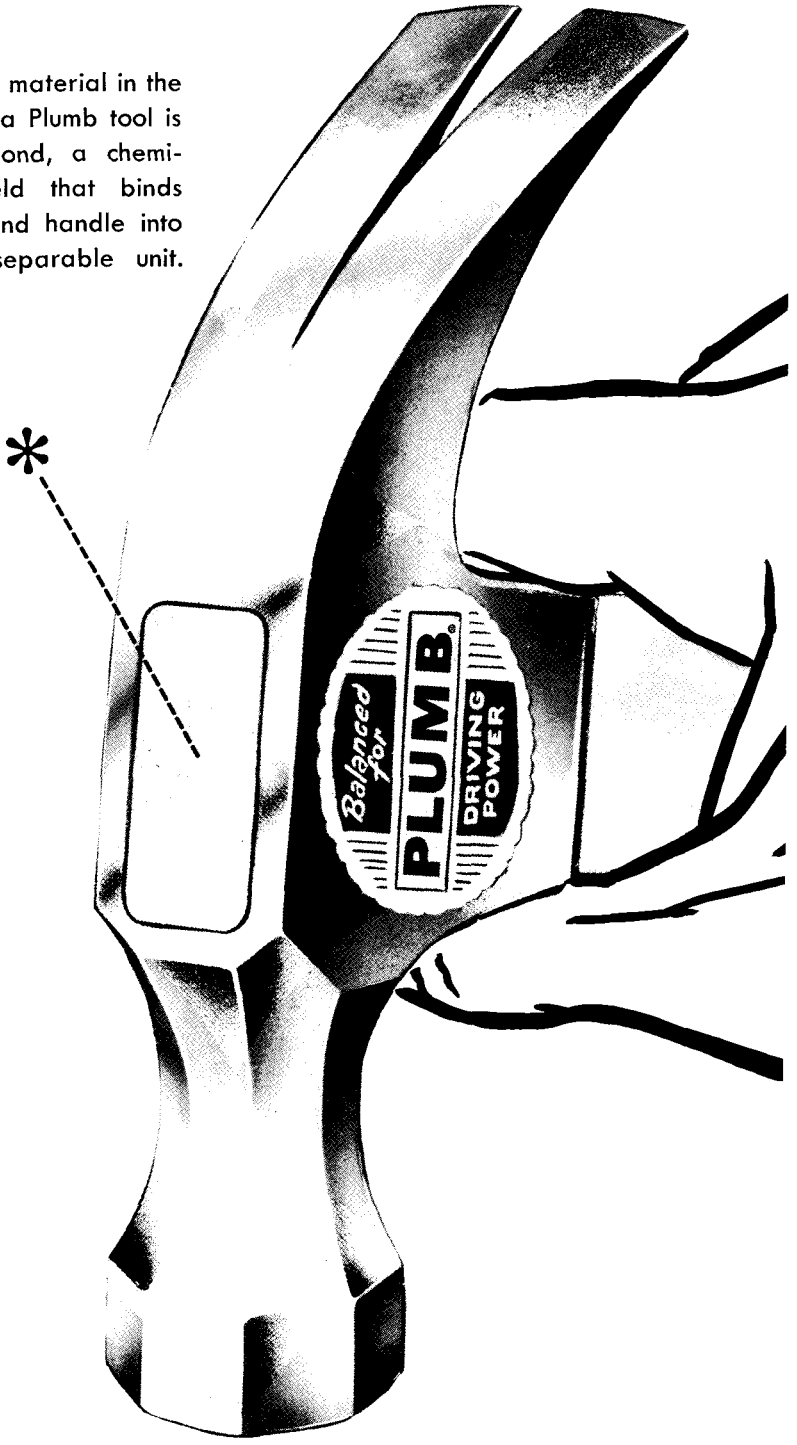

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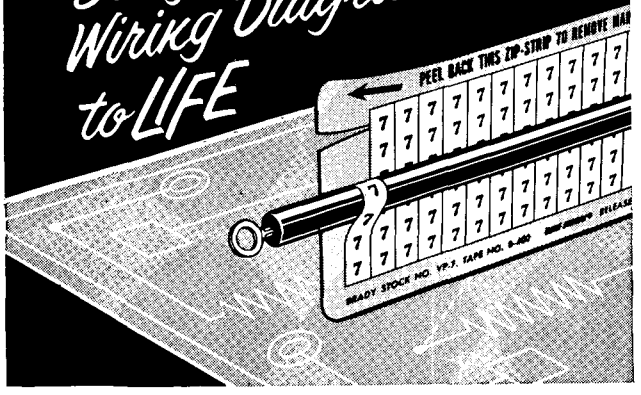

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BUCKLEY

(Continued from p. 345)

metallic quality, no matter how frenetic it sounds, which issues uniquely out of that ambiguity that comes out of your unpossessed souls. Some of you may feel the obligation to externalize your knowledge that *you* know he is here to defend the indefensible. You may jeer him, as he has been jeered by those who wrestle for their livelihood with their hands, who especially despise him because he claims to speak for them; some of you may treat him with that terrible coldness that is the sign of the intellectual foreknowledge that you cannot, at your level of attainment, take seriously the man who speaks and works for a kingdom which it is the very purpose of your education to know to despise. Why then bring him here, if no purpose can be served, and if it can only result that you will humiliate yourselves, and him? Because you are *willing* to humiliate yourselves in order to humiliate him?

Fight him, fight the tyrants everywhere; but do not ask them to your quarters, merely to spit upon them: and do not ask them to your quarters if you cannot spit upon them: to do the one is to ambush a human being as one might a rabid dog; to do the other is to ambush oneself, to force oneself—in disregard of those who have *died* trying to make the point—to force oneself to break faith with humanity.

MOATS

(Continued from p. 349)

keep a firm hand on the tiller of the barque of St. Peter. Besides, there have been too many warning reminders lately from Vatican experts that the Pope served for thirty years in the Curia and could not escape becoming imbued with the old school tie spirit; the enemies of the Church suspect that his intention is not to destroy the Curia but to strengthen it by making it more international, more modern, more efficient.

Although it is still too early to foresee precisely what course the new pontificate is going to take, it is already quite clear that Paul VI has the character and the attitude of a sovereign. Whatever line he follows, it will not be that of Pius XII, or of John XXIII—it will be his own.

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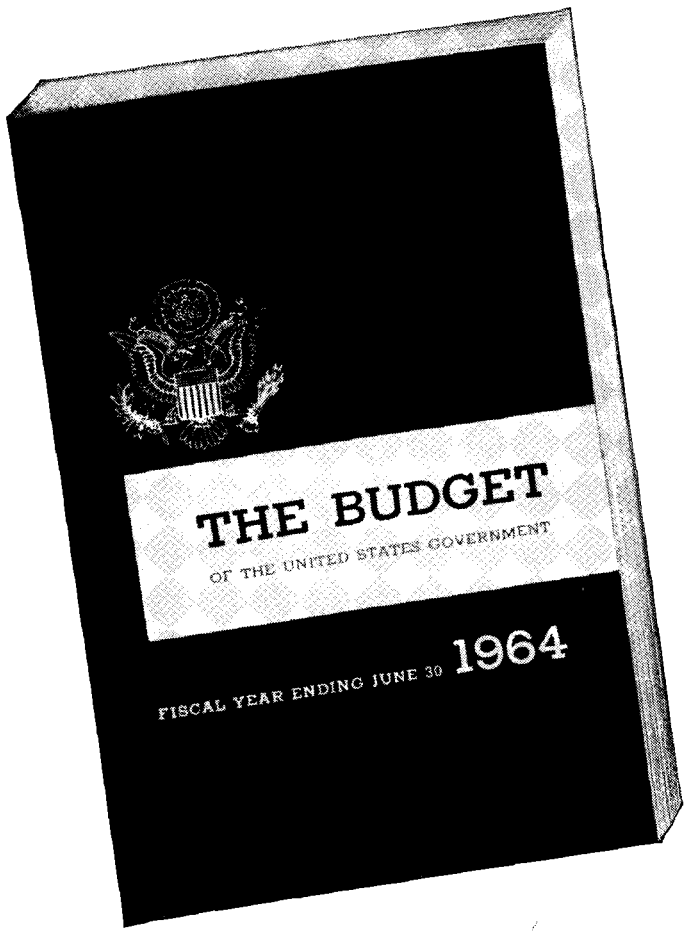
Dear Uncle Sam:

May we ask about an item on page 167?



Under "Rural Electrification Administration" an item calls for $425,000,000 in loans to rural electric cooperatives.

And by referring to previous editions of your budget book, we note that this amount has been steadily and sharply increasing over the past several years. As an example, in 1952 the appropriation amounted to $175,000,000.

Yet electricity now flows in plentiful supply throughout rural America. To accomplish this, investor-owned power companies worked together with co-ops financed by the Rural Electrification Administration (REA), a lending bureau of the Federal Government.

Except for the necessary maintenance and "heavying up" of existing REA-financed systems to provide for increasing use of electricity, the mission of getting electricity to rural America is accomplished.

What then explains this massive and continually increasing expenditure for the REA?

We realize this is not a simple, black-and-white matter. But we do believe this item ought to be carefully evaluated.

REA loan money is put out at 2% interest, and electric co-ops pay no Federal income tax. Are loans being offered under these conditions to encourage the building of power plants and transmission lines where they are not needed?

Are REA appropriations being used, contrary to the intent of Congress, to help develop a Federal power system?

Are REA-financed co-ops being urged to expand into urban and industrial service not contemplated by their original authorization?

Is REA money being passed on unnecessarily to industrial plants to finance power-using equipment?

We have two reasons for urging a close examination of these matters. First, we have worked with the co-ops harmoniously and in the public interest for many years. And in the interests of continuing that excellent relationship, we believe a clear understanding of what the REA in Washington is trying to do will help both the co-ops and ourselves.

Second, Uncle Sam, you're asking us citizens for more than a hundred billion dollars this year, and even that won't pay the bills. So shouldn't every nonessential expense be eliminated? To paraphrase a saying, if we look after the millions, the billions will take care of themselves.

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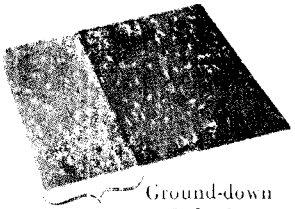

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